TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL LI. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1883. NO. 24

NASBY IN EXILE.

Second Series.

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XXXIX.

Something More of Venice, Including the Women and Men of the Moist City—The Nuisance of Old Churches—Something More About Pictures—The Fall of Venice.

The Italian proper wears no overcoat. A great many of them—indeed, a large per centage of them—wear no coat at all, but those who can compass an outside garment prefer the long and capacious cloak that, left to hang at its own sweet will, comes almost to the heels, and, insisting upon being picturesque, they throw the right side of it over the left shoulder, showing the boot of the right leg. He wears a wide-brimmed slouch hat, and walks with a stealthy step, as though he was waiting for some one to kill. With his dark hair down over his brow, under which a bright, keen, cat-like sort of an eye gleams forth, he is a most picturesque looking man. Sometimes instead of assuming the brigand, he throws his figure backward, gives the cloak an extra fling, and assumes the step and attitude of a patriot who was on his way to "do or die" for his country. No matter which role he assumes, whether it be brigand or patriot, (in Italy the terms are synonymous, or nearly so), he always aims at effect, and always succeeds. They have the look of a knife-bearing people—a corner-stabbing, secret rapier-thrusting people—and they rather like to be so considered.

DISAPPOINTING WOMEN.

The women of Venice are a disappointment. There is a painful scarcity of the great liquid eyes, the raven hair and the other charms that we have been given to understand was the exclusive property of the daughters of Italy. You see great, saucer-like eyes in plenty, always of a painful black, but the regular features and the magnificent figures are about as scarce as honesty in the men, and one can't say more than that.

The naked fact is the common women of Venice, the shop-women, and those you see on the streets, as they average, are a frightfully ill-favored lot. They are low-browed, with receding foreheads, their heavy black eyebrows meeting across the ridge of the nose, with heavy, dark, sallow and unhealthy complexions, and figures that are neither majestic or graceful. There is in them neither the lightness of the fawn or the majesty of the lioness. They are heavy looking. The men have all the lightness. Occasionally you see a picturesque face in the markets, a striking face; but the rule is the reverse. In the gondolas of the better class you see many beautiful women, for careful nurture and luxurious surroundings do that with any people, but the rank and file of Venitian women are anything but beautiful. In Austria, and especially Hungary, the common women are beautiful as a rule, no matter what their condition or dress—in Venice only the upper classes may make any pretention to physical beauty.

The men are under-sized, five feet five in hight being very common, and five feet eight an exception. And, by the way, the farther south you get the more this physical inferiority shows itself. The Hollander and Prussian are heavier and stronger in every way than the Austrian, and the Austrian is heavier and stronger than the Italian, the same as the Englishman is stronger than the Frenchman. Prussia has always run over Austria, and Austria may always get its revenge out of Italy. What people the Italians have the better of has not yet been determined. As—

"The smallest fleas have smaller fleas to bite 'em,
And so on down, *ad infinitum*,"

It is to be presumed that there is a race somewhere with whom they may war successfully. A regiment of Italian soldiers is a sight not calculated to inspire any great dread in the mind of the average Northern man. They are a little set of fellows, and, unlike the small man of the North, who makes up by activity what he lacks in proportion, they are sluggish and slow moving. To see them on drill would make a Prussian soldier go mad. There is a slovenliness in uniform, arms and movements that is as unlike the smart, quick, forceful Prussian soldier as possible.

VENITIAN ART.

The National Gallery of Art in Venice contains one of the best, if not the largest, collection of pictures in the world, mostly of the old masters. Belini, Giorgione, Bonifacio, Bartolomeo, Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci are all represented, and by their greatest works. But the one picture which has always in front of it a group of admiring art-lovers, is Titian's greatest work, The Assumption. In this picture is the only Madonna not a copy of a human face, but the great master's dream of the mother of Christ. Other masters selected their models from human faces, some of them painting their wives or their mistresses, considering any beautiful face—idealized somewhat and given the sad expression necessary to the subject—as sufficient. Raphael's great Madonna, the Sistine, in the gallery at Dresden is a wonderful face miraculously painted, but it is not the Madonna of Titian. Titian's Madonna is a strong woman, one in whose face there is a sense of the ineffable glory awaiting her. She is ascending into the heavens upon a cloud, with face upturned and with arms outstretched toward the heaven, out of which the Eternal looks down waiting to receive her. It is not the face of a Spanish, Italian or Holland peasant or noble. It is a face that belongs to the whole world, of no distinct nationality. It is the artist's idea of a woman great enough to be selected by the Almighty to be the means of redeeming a world, a woman capable of bearing the sorrows allotted to her, by virtue of the faith in the glory that awaits her, and which is now opening to her. About this magnificent figure in which there is not a weak line, is a company of angels rising with her, and below, in half shadow, are the apostles, half-stunned with the wonderful vision they are permitted to see.

It is a wonderful picture, wonderful in conception, and wonderful in execution. It is no wonder that lovers of the great in art flock hither from the whole world. Alone by itself it would make Venice a place of resort for artists and art students.

To enumerate all the great works in this gallery would be to copy the catalog. The noble building is full of wonderful pictures and there is a conspicuous absence of the rot of old pictures preserved simply because of their antiquity.

The Church of St. Maria Glorioso contains many world-famous pictures, but what attracts the most attention is the monument to Canova, the great sculptor, designed by himself for Titian. After Canova's death the design was worked out by three of his most celebrated pupils, and the monument intended for the world's great sculptor. It was erected to the world's great sculptor. It is not often that an artist designs his own monument. A copy of it is in a church in Vienna.

CHURCHES, AND TO SPARE.

There are hundreds upon hundreds of churches in Venice all of them containing pictures of note and value. The artists of the olden days found their only patrons in the Church, pictures being made part of the paraphernalia by which the people were taught. As a matter of course, in such a mass of pictures there is a vast quantity of rubbish, a vast number of pictures that not only have no merit, but are even absurd in their demerits, but which, nevertheless, have a value as showing the progress of art, and because of historic recollections that cling about them. The very dust of some places has a value and should not be lightly disturbed. But it is impossible for one to go through all these places without feeling that an earthquake that would throw down two thirds of them and bury pictures, statuary, monuments and everything else, would be a good thing for the world. They have out-lived their time and no longer represent anything. They are the ghosts of the past, and do not teach even a lesson. They represent a time when the church, which is now merely a shadow of its former self, ruled the rulers, combined within itself all the learning of the world, and was the great existing moving power. It monopolized art and science, made and unmade governments, and held all power at its will.

Then princes built churches, not because churches were needed, but as monuments for themselves or as refuges for clerical dignitaries who swarmed from the older organizations. Now that learning has burst the bonds of the church and exists outside, now that a priest does not and cannot use power beyond his own sphere, and that schisms and unbeliefs and all that has contracted that sphere to very narrow limits, these old churches which once represented something, represent nothing. They are the tomb-stones a long-dead power, monuments beyond which the world passed years ago. The world has outgrown them, and they are mere cumberers of the ground. Venice has too many of them, and one wearies in visiting them. A little dust is well enough—acres of it becomes tiresome, especially as the dust teaches no lesson.

York, England, is the proper thing. It has one church, just one, and one set of dead dignitaries. You can imbibe all there is of that without surfeit. But when you multiply York by 500 you get too much of a good thing.

Venice can spare about 200 churches and still have a sufficiency.

THE INEVITABLE SACRISTAN.

In every church in Venice there is a Sacristan, invariably a little man who looks as though he might be a hundred years old, and with a lively expectation of living several hundred more years; as though he came here with the first settlers and had forgotten to die, a white-haired, undersized being with enormous splay-feet and always frightfully knock-kneed. His legs strike each other at the knee as he walks, while his feet are at least a yard apart. He shuffles about with a money-box which he constantly turns over, the rattling of the coins within being intended as a reminder to you that religion, like everything else, must be paid for, and that you are expected to contribute something to the funds of the church. He will take anything. He is as rapacious as a grave-yard—he takes everything that comes; a centime from a servant girl or street walker, or a lire from an American, and no matter what you put into the box he will look up at you with a reproachful look, as if to say: "Are'n't you ashamed of yourself for giving so little!" and then he will shuffle off, his knees keeping time as they knock together to the mournful rattling of the copper in the box, and the shuffling of the enormous feet.

I do not suppose that there is any necessary connection between splay feet, knock-knees and religion, but there must be, for every Sacristan in Venice possesses these deformities.

Who are they? Where did they come from, and where are they going to? Who can tell. They were doubtless born to this walk in life, but that they were ever children is difficult to imagine, and so hard and time proof are their faces it is difficult to think that they will ever die.

And when one dies how is his place to be filled? It would not do to put a young, fresh man in his place; one who has straight legs, decent feet and black hair, for he never could endure the cold stone floors, the horrible dampness, and the general gloominess of these places. He would rush out into the streets or passages, and become a beggar, like the rest of his countrymen, or a gondolier, which is a slight advance upon highway robbery, or a hotel keeper, which is the same thing.

Mr. Tibbitts advanced the idea that these sacristans were State prisoners during the Republic, in the 13th and 14th centuries, and that a stock of them still remains in the dungeons under the great prison, and are taken out as needed. Or, possibly, that the Church took boys and immured them till they became old enough and sufficiently knock-kneed, splay-footed and gray-haired to perform the important function of picking up coppers from the people. The latter solution is probably the correct one. One cannot imagine they were born and reared in the ordinary way, or that their ranks are recruited from people in general. They must be a peculiar and distinct race.

OLD MASTERS AND THEIR LITTLE TRICKS.

Speaking of the old masters and their methods, there is in the palace, among the really great world pictures, those universally conceded to be great, is the "Last Judgment," by Giovanni. It is a wonderful picture, immense in size, wonderful in conception and still more wonderful in execution. On the right is the idea of that day of hell, into which the condemned are being plunged by wholesale, on the left is purgatory, and in the center the top-most figure is the Madonna in Glory. The coloring is wonderful, and the myriad of figures in the great work are all full of life and action.

The history of the picture is somewhat interesting, as illustrating the methods of the "old masters," and the sources from which they drew their inspiration.

These old artists were in the habit of painting as Madonnas the faces and figures of their wives or mistresses, or whoever of their female friends they had the most esteem for. Therefore, more mistresses than any other class figure in the great works of these artists, as Madonnas and saints. It was esteemed quite the thing, in those days, for a woman to be painted by an artist of acknowledged ability, and there was much jealousy and heart burning over the selections.

When Giovanni commenced this great picture he was in love with a woman and commenced, as in duty bound, to paint her in as the Madonna in Glory. But unfortunately for her, before he had the picture finished, he quarreled with her, having fallen in love with another woman, after the fashion of great artists. But as he, had promised No. 1 that she should be represented in his great work, he fulfilled his promise, only instead of making her the Madonna in Glory, he painted her as being plunged into hell, two able-bodied devils pulling her most vigorously into the sulphurous pit. He painted her faithfully so that all her friends would recognize her.

Then he began to paint No. 2 as the Madonna, but before it was finished he tired of her, and took on No. 3. He could not quarrel with No. 2, as she would not quarrel with him, and, as the price of her leaving him quietly, he promised she should have a decent place in the picture. He commenced painting her in purgatory, to which she objected. To make it satisfactory to her vanity he promised to paint himself in the same place with her, which was agreed to. He fulfilled his promise. He painted her in purgatory and himself beside her, but, he added what was not contemplated in the bargain, two angels pulling him out, leaving her alone.

He finished the picture with No. 3 as the Madonna, and became so infatuated with her that he married her. As might have been expected, she made him frightfully miserable, and led him a sad life, till she died, which was poetic justice. It is not stated whether he poisoned her or dropped an accusation against her into the lion's mouth and had her beheaded. Both ways of getting rid of objectionable wives were very common in Venice in those days.

Giovanni's Madonnas are about as satisfactory as any of them. The great majority of them are merely portraits of exceedingly beautiful women, wondrously painted, but with no more of the divine in them than could be expected in a beautiful girl, or a fully matured woman, according as the artist selected his model. Titian's Assumption is quite different. He had evidently read the first chapter of Luke before he commenced his great picture, and painted a woman's face that had something in it more than a simple girl or an amorous mistress. It is the face of a woman of power, of great qualities, who realized to the full the glory she was selected for, and the awful greatness that had been thrust upon her. Clearly he did not paint his mistress in that great work.

PATRICIAN JEALOUSY.

The downfall of Venice, more than to any other cause, resulted from the jealousy of the nobles toward each other. If a citizen or noble had won great distinction in any walk of life, so as to especially endear himself to the populace, he was a marked man, and no pains were spared to compass his downfall. Pisani, her greatest Admiral and General, who had conducted both the armies and navies of the Republic through many wars, and was the idol of the people, not only because of his skill as a warrior but of his purity of character and devotion to his country, was arrested and sentenced to five years' solitary imprisonment, because he met with one reverse. It was during one of the many desperate contests with the Genoese, the two Republics being constantly at war.

After Pisani's imprisonment the Genoese succeeded in their every enterprise against Venice, coming to the point of threatening seriously the city itself. The populace, indignant at the imprisonment of their beloved Pisani, would not enrol themselves for the defence of the city, and it seemed as if Venice was to fall an easy victim to the victorious Genoese, whose fleet was blockading the harbor and burning her vessels almost within sight of St. Mark's.

The citizens demanned the release of Pisani, and the nobles seeing that to refuse would be to admit the Genoese, yielded. Pisana was released and given a command, but even then the nobles feared his popularity almost as much as they did their foreign enemies. They gave him a command, but hedged him about with such conditions as to make only a half success possible. They gave him a coadjutor, a spy upon him really, but such was his devotion to Venice that he submitted even to this indignity, and set about fortifying the city and organizing a new fleet and army. The people would fight under his leadership, and after a series of the most desperate conflicts on record, he succeeded in destroying the Genoese fleet, and delivering his country from the danger that menaced it.

Fortunately for himself he died upon shipboard, leaving the command with a man equally beloved, Carlo Zeno, who finished the war by the complete destruction of the Genoese forces. The mantle of Pisani had fallen upon him, but it proved his destruction.

No sooner had he finished the work that Pisani began, than the nobles saw in him another candidate for the love of the people, and his destruction was plotted. Instead of trusting his tried skill and assured integrity, the Council ordered him upon hazardous enterprises, expeditions that could not but be attended with disaster, and upon his refusal to sacrifice his men and endanger the State, he was disgraced, as far as the Council dared to do it.

And finally upon the death of the reigning Doge when the people demanded the election of Zeno, the council rejected him for one of their own kind, one of whom they had no fear.

Patriotism and skill were not what the Nobles wanted. A patriotic Doge might possibly curtail their power, and Venice was nothing to them except as it benefitted their order.

We do these things different in America. Taylor was elected to the Presidency for whipping the Mexicans; which was not much of an achievement, and Scott would have been had he not been upon the wrong side in politics. Grant was made twice President for military services and came very near a third term, and Congress and the Senate is overrunning with men whose sole claim to the places was serving under the flag. Military fame goes a great way with us. It is a great thing to have actually smelt powder, and it is something even to be a militia Colonel. We make men Presidents and Senators for what old Venice imprisoned them.

The history of Venice reads more like romance than history. It is a record of splendid devotion, wonderful patriotism, and great bravery, blackened with the most intolerable cruelty, selfishness, intrigue, double dealing, deceit and treachery, and as the latter qualities predominated among the ruling classes, of course it fell, as it should. Its glory departed, the once mistress of the world is now a mere show-place, the abode of beggars and worse than beggars. It exists only as memory, and lives only in history. The present Venitian has only the vices of the older races, the vices that destroyed the City, and they have them in so petty a way, that it is difficult to understand how they can be the descendants of the great murderers and criminals who raised it out of the sea.

Its people have lost all the good qualities of the ancient republic and have even degenerated in their worst. A robber has something in him to admire—he must be bold at least, but what is there to admire in a beggar or sneak thief?

Not Quite Ten Years Old.

Boston Herald.

Not long since I took train on the Bennington & Rutland Railway, leaving Rutland at 1 o'clock. In front of me sat a lady and boy. The conductor came along, punched her ticket, and asked:

"How old is the boy?"

"Ten years old to-day," said she.

"We collect half fare from all children 10 years old or more," said he.

The lady hesitated, colored somewhat, and said: "He will not be 10 until about 11 o'clock to-night."

The conductor colored also and passed, while the passengers smiled.

What is Virtue.

The Emperor Sigismund, in conversation with Theodoric, Archbishop of Cologne, asked the Primate how he ought to act so as to obtain happiness.

"We cannot, sire, expect it in this world."

"What, then, is the way to gain happiness hereafter?"

"You must live virtuously."

"What do you mean by that expression?"

"I mean," answered the Archbishop, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to follow when laboring under a fit of gout or indigestion."

For the Blade.

WHEN STORMS ARE OUT.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

When storms are out,
And seabirds seek their nest,
The cold spray on their breast,
And sailors lower the sail
Before the gale,
And o'er the bending mast
The ocean imps cry fast,
How sweet to cuddle down, secure and free,
With laughing babes, that climb upon your knee.

When storms are out,
And noisy cannons roar,
And sunny acres reek with gore,—
When foolish empires fight,
To prove their might,
And men by thousands die,
And no one knoweth why,
How passing sweet to sit beside the fire,
And curb the mounting spirit's young desire.

When storms are out,
And cattle seek the shed,
And beggars craunch their bread
Beneath some shelt'ring wall,—
When hungry outcasts crawl,
And cry with orphan tears,
For death to close their cares,
How more than strange that men can sit secure,
In feast and revel, while such griefs endure.

BESS!—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

The light of early morning was just beginning to pierce the murky air which at all times hangs like a dimly transparent veil over and around Black Regis, as I entered that typical black country Village. A long straggling row of tumble-down huts, boasting two shutter-covered windows and one shattered door, constituted the chief feature of the place, the few houses in fair repair being subordinate. In each of the huts aforesaid might be found a little forge or "smithy" fire, an anvil, a large number of small square iron bars, and hammers for shaping the same into nails. And in these huts work one or two young women or girls, engaged throughout the livelong day in the occupation of nail-making. From early morning until late at night you can hear the ceaseless tap, tap! tap, tap! of the small nail hammers wielded by the muscular amazons of Black Regis. A strange sight, truly. I was long of opinion that nail-making was a species of labor confined to the male sex; and I confess I would rather have remained under that delusion; for I cannot help feeling a certain repugnance at beholding women engaged in such occupations.

Black Regis is, as I have said, a murky place; being darkened by the smoke and chemical fumes that arise from coal pit shafts, iron and chemical works, and the like, in the immediate surroundings. To a stranger, this smoke, with its accompaniment of variegated fumes, is offensive and well nigh intolerable. But the inhabitants of Black Regis inhale the poisonous atmosphere uncomplainingly, and are possibly ignorant of its nauseous character.

Black Regis is a dull place socially as well as atmospherically. There is no place of public amusement or recreation other than the public house and the half-leveled surfaces of refuse used as a cricket or gambling ground. But these were sufficient for such as have no higher craving or more laudable ambition. "Good enough for them as is in it!" was the emphatic assertion of the chief personage of this sketch—Bess. Bess what? Nothing else. Nothing but plain, simple, honest Bess. She had apparently no other name. "And don't want none neither!" was the triply strong negation in which she replied to the same query put to her by myself. "What's the use o' having more'n one name? It don't make you any better nor any richer. It only takes longer to say, and ain't nowadays a bit o' use."

"But it would be rather awkward," said I.

"if everybody had only one name. We could not get on in the world at all."

"Well, pr'aps not. But that ain't nothin' to do wi' me. There ain't no use, as I can see on, for such as me to have mor'n one name. We ain't known mor'n two or three mile away from home; an' nobody cares to know whether we has a name at all or not, for that matter, so long as we pays for all as we get, an' don't come no capers. Why, sir, what do it matter to you whether my name is Bess, or Sal, or Liz, so long as you gets to know what you wants to know from me, and pays nothin' for it?"

This was a cut. The off-hand manner in which the speech was delivered, and the twinkle of the eye which accompanied the last clause of it, showed me that Bess was no fool, but a sharp, shrewd woman, who had fathomed the curiosity that had led me to seek the otherwise unwelcome interior of her little hut. She had an eye to the "siller" too, I thought; that last hint of hers telling me plainly that she did not expect to talk to me for nothing. I took up two or three of the nails she had forged, and telling her I would take them home with me as a sample of her skill, requested her to accept a trifling equivalent.

"There, go on! That was only my chaff. "I don't mind your talking a bit; only there's so many fools comes gabbin' here, and expectin' me to waste my time foolin' wi' 'em. I didn't think as you was one on 'em; but I thought I'd try you. You see, you never knows what's in the pit till you sinks the shaft and then you see as whether there's anything worth working or only rubbish."

"Well, Bess—I suppose I may call you Bess?"

"Why, of course—what else could you call me, I'd like to know?"

"Of course; I'd forgotten that. Well what was that affair of Bill Thompson being saved from drowning that I heard about this morning?"

"I thought as much! I knew you'd come a fishin'. I never see such fools as come men is. Can't take care o' theirselves, and then kicks up a lot o' bother when anybody does a bit of a thing for 'em. Bill ought to ha' known better than to go an' fall into the canal, an' him drunk an' all. An' he ought to ha' known better than to go an' make a lot o' palaver an' talk about me pulling of him out. Why, anybody 'ud pull a man out o' the water as couldn't get out hisself. There ain't nothing to make a fuss about in that. If somebody else had a heard him holler instead o' me, they'd a run an' hauled him out by the hair as I did."

"But you nearly lost your own life, did you not?"

"I dunno! P'raps I did. I know I was under the water a bit. You see, women's petticoats hang about their legs, an' is a trouble to 'em. But there, I never see such a fool as that Bill is, anyway. Next time he falls in, he'll stop in for me—if there's anybody else about to pull him out." The latter part of the speech was added apologetically, as if she were ashamed of having been so mean as to say she would not help anybody in distress.

A good soul, Bess. Rough, uncultivated, unrefined, but still noble in a rugged way, and possessing the true qualities of heroism, courage and humility. Black Regis was the better for her presence. She was in some degree a restraining influence for good. Her companions and associates unconsciously feared her censure, and were often deterred from committing unworthy actions by the thought of what Bess would say. In difficulty they ran to her. She could advise, and better still, assist them in their needs; and many an act of true charity was performed by her.

None could quell a disturbance quicker than she. When the authority of the policeman would have been laughed at, she could command respect and order. Upon one occasion she caught a miner ill-using his wife, and calling the men who stood listlessly by a "lot o' faint-hearted fools," took the case in hand herself and gave the man a good beating. This raised her very high in the estimation of the Black Regisites. Nothing so popularizes a person in the eyes of the vulgar and untutored as muscular superiority—supremacy of brute force. From that time forth the appearance of Bess upon the scene of action was sufficient in most cases to stay the hands of the combatants.

The Bill Thomson affair was not so simple as Bess tried to make it appear. She had really saved the man's life at the risk of her own, and only succeeded in crawling to the edge of the canal after very great difficulty, holding the senseless Bill in her arms. How she came to be near him when he fell in she never quite clearly explained. "She was just out for an airing, that was all, when she heard him holler," she had said when questioned upon the subject. But I am inclined to think there were other and more sufficient reasons than this, as the sequel will perhaps show.

Bill declared that he owed his life to Bess; that she was a brave lass and he would do anything she liked for her if she would only ask him.

Practical Bess, having the cause of his mistress clearly in mind, returned simply: "Then give up drinking for three months."

"I will. If I dont't, blow me!" emphatically answered Bill. Those who are not acquainted with the daily life of such men as Bill in such places as Black Regis will not be able, I fear, to appreciate the sacrifice he was making in promising to abstain from intoxicating liquors for three months. But I am inclined to think in this matter, also, that other considerations than respect and gratitude influenced Bill's decision. We shall see.

CHAPTER II.

Twelve months later I was in Black Regis once more. I could observe no change in the place save perhaps that the air seemed even more murky and the fumes more nauseous than ever. There were the same straggling rows of huts, and I could hear the same ceaseless tap! tap! tap! of the hammers. At the Rising Sun I made inquiries respecting Bess, and was somewhat amused, but only partly surprised, to find that she was married—to Bill Thompson. Bill, true to his promise, had abstained from drink for the specified three months and at the expiration of that time had paid a special visit to the hut of Bess to inform her of the fact. She was busy with her work as Bill strolled in, and to his humble "Evening, Bess!" characteristicaly replied: "Now, then, what are you after now? Don't come foolin' round, for I an't no time to talk."

"Well, Bess," apologetically responded Bill, "I've kept my promise."

"What promise?" queried Bess, striking the bar of iron at the same time and causing a fan shower of sparks to fly round the hut.

"Why, about the drink. It's three months to-day since I promised as I wouldn't have any more, and I ain't neither."

"Well, do you feel any worse for it?"

"I feel a good sight better, and I've saved a bit o' coin too. I shouldn't have done it but for you, Bess, an' I come to see if you'll go shares in it. It's as much yours as mine, you see, for if it hadn't been for you I should not—"

"Here, stow it," muttered matter-of-fact Bess. "What d' you take me for? Think I want your coin? I never see such a fool in all my life."

"Won't you have it, then?"

"Have it? No! What'd I have it for? 'Taint mine."

"Well, then, Bess, I tell you what I'll do," said the desperate Bill; "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll promise to be tectotal for another three months, if you 'll promise to be my wife at the end of 'em."

Bess was silent. This honest proposal was perhaps not quite unexpected; but honest Bess knew not how to meet it. She replied: "I never see such fools as some men is;" but it is said she stealthily wiped a tear from her bright brown eyes and gulped down a lump that rose in her throat.

"Come, Bess, what do you say?" coaxingly inquired anxious Bill.

"What do I say? Why that I never see such a fool. What on earth d'you want to throw yourself away on a good-for-nothing like me for? I ain't no mortal use only to myself; an' what's the use o' you tying a tin can like me to your tail to scamper through the world wi'? Of course I'd sooner go wi' you nor anybody else—always thought so—but then I never thought as yo'd ask me."

"Then it's a bargain?" asked Bill.

"Well, I might do worse. But mind you, not a word to anybody about it, or over you go. I ain't a-goin' to have folks a-talkin' about me."

"Not a word, Bess. Bess you old gal."

The three months passed away, and all preparations having been secretly made, Bess and Bill were quietly married, only two particular friends being informed of the affair before it came off, and they only on the morning of the ceremony.

There was great excitement at Black Regis when the marriage was made public, and all determined on giving some testimony of their good will. A private subscription list was opened at once, and as Bess had kept her love affair such a secret from them, they thought it only fair that they should keep their intentions secret from her. There was something rudely noble about this arrangement. When the money had been collected, the difficulty of providing a suitable present arose. What could they give her? Some one suggested giving her the money, and allowing her to spend it as she thought proper. But this was indignantly negatived. They knew Bess too well to think she would accept a gift of money from them. It is a strange but wholesome characteristic of the English people that the smallest present of manufactured goods is thankfully accepted and gratefully acknowledged, while a gift of money is rejected as an insult. After much consultation it was decided to present her with a tea service, and—a cradle! The latter article is generally considered by such people—and not always by them alone—as an indispensable article of domestic furniture, and therefore a suitable thing to present to a person newly married.

The presentation was made at night, and for once Bess was speechless. Good, simple soul, the possibility of such an expression of regard from her rough neighbors had never occurred to her. She could only mutter demurely her customary "I never see such fools as some folks is," and then hide her face in her hands and burst into tears. So kind herself, the kindness of others usually so rough and emotionless was too much for her.

Bill thanked the friends for their gift, and pointing to the weeping Bess, said: "You see, boys, she ain't used to this sort o' thing, an' it's kind o' knocked her over. I know you means well, an' I shan't forget it. But if it's all the same, perhaps you wouldn't mind leaving Bess an' me alone a bit till she kind o' gets over it. You see, I don't want you to think as I don't think enough of what you've done; only, you see, she ain't used to this sort o' thing, an' it's kind o' knocked her over."

The audience kindly left the newly married pair together.

Six months had passed away since the marriage when I once more stood in the hut of Bess—now Mrs. Thomson. As I entered she looked up with a smile of recognition, and a hearty, "Hello! here again, sir! Why, what on earth do you see here to make you come back again?"

"Not much, Mrs. Thomson, truly," I replied, laying great stress upon her new name. She blushed crimson as she laughingly replied: "Ah! I thought as they'd tell you as soon as you set foot in the place. I never see such born idiots in all my days."

"Well, I must congratulate you on your marriage; and I hope you will be happy together."

"Well, you see, Bill was such a fool, an' couldn't take care of hisself. You know I had to fish him out o' the water once. But he ain't tasted drink since, an' he promised as he wouldn't if I'd marry him. An' you see it was a pity to see a fellow like Bill goin' and makin' such a fool of hisself; so I thought I might as well take care on him, as to leave him to somebody worse than myself. I ain't a bad sort, if I am a bit rough; but men is no good if they ain't somebody to look after 'em."

Then, as if suddenly remembering something, she threw down her hammer, and bidding me "Come here a minute," hurried out of the hut to a little one-story house that stood close by. Opening the unlocked door, she bade me enter, and then with the air of a duchess threw open a little cupboard door with one hand, and pointed to a prettily furnished cradle with the other.

"Oh! Your wedding presents?" I exclaimed.

"Yes!" she replied with some pride, and with the shadow of a tear glistening in her bright eye. "They ain't much, sir; leastways they don't seem much to you, I s'pose; but you know we're poor folks about here, an' has to work hard for all as we get, an' it was all they could afford; an' it was good of 'em, wasn't it?"

At the recollection of the presentation episode, the truant tears overflowed the reservoir of feeling and trickled down the dusky cheek. I am not ashamed to confess that the water stood in my own eyes as I huskily replied "that it was good of them."

I think I never realized so fully before the true worth of a genuine, though humble gift, and the sunshine of gratitude and joy it will shed upon the heart and life of a happy recipient. There was more robust joy in that heart of Bess's over that cradle and those cups and saucers than is felt by the majority of richly dowered brides, any one of whose presents would be a modest competence to such as she.

"Ah! sir, we ain't all as black as you'd think from our faces. We're rough outside, an' not over nice; but we know how to feel, an' to help each other." Casting one hasty glance at the household treasures, she once more repaired to the little but, and taking up her hammer, commenced her labors again with renewed vigor.

"Well, Mrs. Thomson——"

"Now then, none o' that. Call me Bess."

"Well then, Bess, I must be making my way back."

"Won't you stay an'—you'll excuse me, sir, for asking you—but won't you stay an' have a bite with us? Bill 'ull be home directly. Ah! there he is—an' he'll be glad to see you. We can't offer you much; but what we have you're welcome to."

I scarcely knew what to say to this proposal. I really wanted to leave Black Regis by the first train; but I was afraid that I should offend Bess if I refused to accept her invitation. I therefore determined to stay.

I found Bill a rough-and-ready honest fellow, like the general class of people inhabiting such districts. But he had not the natural sagacity and shrewdness of Bess, who was literally his "better half." He knew this too, and looked up to her as a superior being. During her temporary absence, he said proudly: "She's a good un, is Bess, sir; an' she's more in her head than a good many as thinks they're clever. Saved my life, too, sir. Ah! she's a good un, is Bess!"

And I quite agreed with Bill.

CHAPTER III.

Another six months elapsed before I again set foot in Black Regis. My first impulse was to walk straight to the hut of Bess; but remembering that on the occasion of my former visit, I had received much valuable information respecting her from the landlord of the Rising Sun, I determined to pay a passing visit to ascertain if anything unusual had occurred during my absence. In reply to my query, "How is Bess?" the face of the landlord became at once sorrowful and distressed, and I then learned for the first time that Bess was dead.

In a disjointed fashion, I managed to glean the following facts from my informant. Some months after my last visit, a great event occurred in the Thomson household—a son and heir was born to Bill. Of course, there was great rejoicing in Black Regis. Everybody in the place took an active interest in the affair, and discussed the future prospects of the little stranger over pipes and beer, and at the house corners, as keenly as though some event of national importance had transpired. Bill was peculiarly excited; was calmly happy. Only one feeble complaint she uttered when informed that the child was a boy; "I'd rather it had been a gal; men is such fools!"

After this she settled down to the inevitable with good grace, showing great affection for the little life thrown upon her care. A few days after the occurrence, Bill, who had been staying at home to wait on his spouse, went to his work again as usual, leaving Bess with her child dependent upon the friendly assistance of kindly neighbors. As the evening came, Bess grew perceptibly anxious. Could she have spoken her fears, she would have said she was wondering if Bill would be tempted to take drink on the joyful occasion of the birth of his child. She knew he was not hard to persuade when surrounded by friends, and besides it was a recognized custom to drink the health of a child when born. Bess did not say anything to the neighbor who came in to attend her, but she was terribly anxious nevertheless. The time for his appearance passed, and the shades of the Autumn evening fell. Still he did not come. Should she ask some one to go and inquire for him? No! she must not let them think she doubted him. He would come all right yet. Something had happened at the works to detain him. The suspense grew terrible. She could bear it no longer. Excitement gave her strength. Rising from her bed and leaving the infant asleep there, she with some difficulty pulled on her clothes. She was tottering toward the door when her straining ear caught the sound of a muffled cry. She had heard that cry once before. It caused her heart to leap and the blood to course like fire through her veins. Strung up with the energy of a strong soul roused by the cry of duty and danger, she sprang to the door and rushed wildly out into the chill darkness of the deepening night. Straight to the dangerous pool of the canal she staggered with a peculiar instinct bred of fear and the remembrance of a former adventure there. As she reached the edge of the bank, she saw a clenched hand disappearing beneath the surface of the mud-stirred water, and heedless of all but the one fact of her husband drowning there, she plunged wildly in and clutched the horny fingers with a desperate grasp, and with almost superhuman strength succeeded in dragging the unconscious Bill to the sloping edge of the canal. Having accomplished this her poor human nature could do no more. With a feeble cry for help, she sank down in the shallow water exhausted and insensible. Hearing her cry, two or three neighbors rushed to the spot, and quickly carried the husband and wife to their humble abode. With great promptitude and care they attended to poor Bess, and sent for the doctor to attend to Bill.

But for Bill it was too late. The strong man had breathed his last. They dared not tell Bess, for fear the shock would be too much for her. Bill's body was removed to a neighbor's house, while the doctor set about measures to prevent serious consequences to the devoted wife. But, alas! no medicine could avail. The shock had been too severe. In a few hours she was delirious and in a raging fever. The burden of her ravings was Bill. "I never see such a fool as Bill He ain' no more sense than a child. Ha! my little pet. Ah! I wish he'd been a gal; men is such fools. You promised me you'd swear off the drink, an' here you go foolin' around an' fallin' into the canal." Then suddenly changing and speaking to the doctor: "Sh-h-h! Don t let Bill know as I'm dying. He's such a fool, an' ul' carry on so. Tell him I shall get better. But when I do go, make him promise to take care o' the kid. You will, won't you? It ain't no fault o' his, poor little soul. I wish he'd a been a gal, though. But then he ain't; an' may be won't be such a fool as Bill. Make him swear off the drink when he grows up; it makes men such fools. Ah! you'd put him in the little cradle? I thought I should ha' rocked it myself; but Bill can do it instead. It was good of em, wasn't it though, to give us that? God bless 'em!"

And thus poor Bess rambled on. The struggle was fierce and short with her. In 48 hours after the time she was carried all wet and senseless to bed, her heart was stilled forever. Poor Bess!

They buried Bill and her together in the little churchyard, the greatest part of Black Regis following the remains in procession, and sheding tears over the grave. Something had gone out of their lives. They felt its loss, and knew that it would never be supplied.

There was only one thing left for them to do after they had laid their idol in the ground, and that was to take care of the child. A meeting was held to talk over the best method of performing their duty in this respect. After much discussion, a simple and efficacious plan was decided upon and agreed to. They would support the youngster by weekly offerings. A box would be kept at the Rising Sun to receive the free-will offerings of as many as cared to contribute towards the maintenance of the child. It should be called "Bess Box." This sacred duty performed, the meeting dispersed, but only to reassemble the next night to discuss another matter concerning the departed Bess. It would not do to allow her grave to have no protection from the sacrilege of those who in a short time would see only a green mound. They must protect the sacred dust with a tombstone. The tombstone was erected and the grave surrounded with hanging chains attached to four small stone pillars.

The landlord of the Rising Sun accompanied me to the churchyard, but not before showing me "Bess's Box" and thanking me for my tribute. We stood beside the little mound with uncovered heads and looked down upon the greensward that covered the heroic woman who had had

The homage of a thousand hearts,
The strong, deep love of one.

I thought of that cheery face, those sparkling eyes, the genial smile and the welcome voice, silent forever.

On the neat little stone at the head of the grave were the words, characteristic of the rough people who inscribed them: "Here lie Bill Thomson and the Queen of Black Regis, Bess."

SO NEARLY WON.

[*Concluded.*]

"Auntie! auntie! see there's Mr. Grafton," a little voice cried gleefully; and Eunice Bell, raising her eyes, which had been fixed on the grass at her feet, saw James Grafton crossing the lawn, and the children all scampering toward him as fast as their chubby legs could carry them. Eunice rose and followed them, laughing gently at the earnestness with which the little things rifled his pockets of those sweets which a many-nephewed-and-niced man is never without, if he knows his duty and does it.

So they, Eunice and James (after all, 40 is not so very great an age)—they were both laughing when they met. It was pleasant, very pleasant—in fact, quite delightful; but somehow before that gentle domestic laughter sentiment fled abashed. They were out in the garden one quarter of an hour—one bright, delicious quarter of an hour. They sat side by side under the trees, while the evening sunbeams played upon the softly fluttering leaves. The children prattled about their knees. Their glances met with kind, familiar smiles. Eunice felt a contented restfulness in his presence, and he was conscious that it was so. It was to him a most golden, blissful quarter of an hour. But of course he could not say what he wished before the children, and there was all the beautiful long evening before them, and no need to hurry. Presently, after sunset, he and she would stroll out there, and then—he felt certain now, absolutely sure, that she would answer Yes. As absolutely sure as I am at this minute that had he asked her to be his wife during that happy quarter of an hour she would have accepted him with the frankest smile of perfect trust. The gong sounded for dinner. They sauntered up to the house side by side, the children still playing about their path.

"I always feel whenever I come here that you have all attained to the ideal state of domestic peace and happiness," said James Gr

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, Publishers.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The gum manufacturer is a for chewin' hunter.—*Whitehall Times.*

"We never speak as we pass pie" would be a good song for dumb waiters in a restaurant.—*Boston Star.*

If clam fritters could only be hitched together some way what tow ropes they would make!—*Detroit Free Press.*

Boston is building an immense barrel factory. Boston always prefaces for the national campaign.—*Courier-Journal.*

A philosophical son of Erin was overheard remarking to a friend: "Have a good time while you live, for your a long while dead!"—*Life.*

The area of Russia in Europe is nearly 30 times that of the State of New York, and the Russian army has to defend an Empire of 8,000,000 square miles.

An alms-box for the secular schools is commonly found now in Belgian drinking places. A school building costing $400,000 is said to have been thus built.

The New York *Commercial-Advertiser* say that old brass knockers on front doors are to be revived. They will probably assume the shape of book agents.

The "Thirteen Club" of London, at one of their recent dinners, had the menu printed on cards shaped like coffins. This was hardly as esthetic as the sauli at the Egyptian banquets.

A Wisconsin man was killed by a cyclone because he wouldn't go down cellar, but insisted on staying above ground to enjoy seeing his neighbor's new barn blown to flinders.—*Boston Post.*

Evangelist D. L. Moody, after 18 months' steady preaching, will settle down for a summer's rest at his home in Northfield, Mass. His schools at that place are in a flourishing condition.

There is a new French gun 29 feet 6 inches long, weighing 50 tons, costing £25,000. It is wire-wound, and is expected to put a ball through 15 inches of armor at a distance of seven and a half miles.

Lord Beaconsfield's fancy for primroses is said to be due to the circumstance that old Mrs. Williams, of Torquay, who left him $30,000, always had bunches put in his room, and he made a point of coming down to dinner with one of them in his buttonhole.

Knowledge gives the palm for known antiquity among trees to a tree in the sacred City of Amarapoorah, Barmah, 288 B. C. Sir James Emerson Tennent, a high authority, thinks that there is good ground for believing in its extraordinary age. The leaves are held so sacred that only those which fall are taken by pilgrims. There is an oak known to be 1,000 years old at Windsor, England.

A writer in the London *Queen* says: "There is no doubt that canaries 'fall in love.' A cock and hen are put together, and do nothing but fight furiously. A hen in another cage is chirping, and, being answered by the same cock, they both flutter about against the bars in evident anxiety to be together. The wise breeder will accordingly change the hens."

Esprit de corps is particularly strong in the Fifty-ninth British Regiment of infantry. Alexander Knight, now a tailor, and 14 Cornhill, London, and formerly a Sergeant in the Fifty-ninth, having heard that Major Carmichael, his old officer, had lost all his money by the failure of Mackintosh's bank in Calcutta, immediately wrote to him, requesting that he would draw upon him for £200. Major Carmichael was, he said, the only surviving officer of his Company, and he desired to offer him his sympathy.

FOR THE LADIES.

Susan B. Anthony is visiting Minister Sargent's family in Berlin.

The Michigan Legislature has defeated a bill to permit women to vote for school and municipal officers.

Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby is the largest woman land-owner in England, and has an income of $250,000.

"Did you dust the furniture this morning, Mary?" "No, ma'am," replied Mary; "it didn't need it; it had all the dust on it that it could easily hold."—*Boston Transcript.*

Many a woman who is so terribly weak that she wants a horse car to stop 50 feet from the corner can walk nine hours on a shopping tour in which she doesn't buy a cent's worth.

It is said that ladies whose feet, like the hand of Providence, cover everything, are bitterly opposed to the short walking dresses, which they declare to be growing shorter and shorter.

"Don't you think I have a good face for the stage?" asked a lady with histrionic aspirations. "I don't know about the stage," replied her gallant companion, "but you have a lovely face for a boss."

Twenty-seven girls of Council Bluffs, by way of reminding their friends of reminiscence in the matter of taking them to entertainments, bought seats to the theater one evening, and went in a body, with only a matron for escort.

To one foreign lady who visits the United States at least a hundred American ladies visit Europe. Probably not 10 British or Irish noblemen's wives have ever been in this country. The two best acquainted with it are Lady Dunraven and Lady Milton. On the other hand, a large percentage of peers have been here. Very few Frenchmen and still fewer French women of distinction have crossed the Atlantic. Not one in a million knows the country as do the Prince de Joinville, Count de Paris, and Duc de Chartres.

There is to be an entirely new style of beauty. The girls with the ruddy locks or the golden hair and the Saxon skin, that have held their own so long, will have to abdicate their throne to their dark-haired sisters. So fashion has decreed, and when fashion does decree a thing the result is as unalterable as a general election. To be in the fashion to-day you must have dark hair, dark blue eyes, not a particle of color and lips as red as a cherry. These rather varied requirements are to be met—with art. —*London Court Journal.*

FUNERAL ORATORY.

A Suggestion to Col. Ingersoll.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* admits that Col. Ingersoll's orations are well enough, but should be supplemented by obituary resolutions after the following form: *Resolved*, that in the loss of our fellow citizen, Stimpkins Stackpole, we recognize the absence of life in the said S. S.; that we do not know whether our fellow citizen Stackpole is now in comfortable quarters; that we cannot say whether Stack. is now red hot or merely heating; that Stack. was always a good fellow; that it is unreasonable to suppose that any punishment will be visited upon Stack.; that we can only gaze vacantly upon the doubtful beyond, and conjecture as to the happiness or existence of Stack.; that we hope he is where flowers are blooming, and where pie is perennial; that this is the way we think matters should be arranged for Stack.; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to all newspapers, with the request that they be published gratis; that the publisher of these resolutions, being a member of the church, will be amply repaid in the expectations he will have of a reward in the next world (if there be any next world) for the deadhead printing he has done in this.

Big Words.

Chambers' Journal.

Quite recently a literary man of some celebrity, in a letter describing the early fall of snow in Switzerland, did not say the storm abated, but "the flakes dwindled to flocculi" and instead of vulgarly putting it that they melted a potful of snow to obtain water, he said that firewood was "expended in rendering its own heat latent in the indispensable fluid." Equally as good was that which relates to a certain eminent Professor, who observed that very wonderful things were occasionally discovered nowadays. He had found out lately that "Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptiform affection of the cerebellular oculomotorial centers," and he added, "Don't forget in future what sort of a thing a 'nystagmus' is."

A Favorite in the South.

Boston Post.

The suggestion of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, as a Democratic candidate for President seems to meet with considerable favor in the South.

HUMAN BLOOD—On the purity and vitality of the blood depends the vigor and health of the whole system. Disease of various kinds is often only the sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause. A remedy that gives life and strength to the blood, eradicates scrofula and other impurities from it, as Hood's Sarsaparilla undoubtedly does, must be the means of preventing many diseases that would occur without its use. Sold by dealers.

SARASOTA.

Beauties and Advantages of a Floridan Gulf Town.

Fruits, Land, Labor, Society, Schools, Climate, Scenery, and Many Other Things of Interest.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

SARASOTA, Manatee Co., Fla., April 11.

I wish to say to numerous friends and correspondents that their letters and favors are received with many others, so numerous that should I attempt to answer them all or each separately, I could not only not do justice to each, but must sadly neglect my own work, which crowds upon my time and strength I hold, however, that man has no business to live for himself alone, but that, at least, a part of him—his time, money, property, labor, knowledge, brain—belong to his fellows; and with this great truth in mind, I will endeavor to give you some of the information you desire. It is no small thing for a man with family and property, to pull up, sell out, perhaps at a sacrifice, and move. If men never did it, new parts of the country would be very slowly settled. Far be it from me to deceive anyone by possibilities, probabilities or expectations of what he may attain. I'd rather lead him to expect greater difficulties and less success than the facts would justify than otherwise. A dissatisfied settler, a homesick man or woman, in a community is, like a sore eye, a very bad thing. I've seen them—plenty of them—in the the West and South. They are there, here, everywhere. Most of our Northern ladies, especially those who came here after serious business reverses have of necessity to adopt so different a style of life that it is a great trial to them. This is not to be wondered at. It is pitiable, but wears off, and they wonder why they felt so. One of the most serious drawbacks a man can meet in this country is to have a wife and family homesick. Let me not be misunderstood. My wife and family are among the best women in the world, and Mrs. A. has been no worse homesick here than when she first moved from Illinois to Kansas, though living there in a beautiful City. This is for the benefit of your lady readers, that, if necessary, it may stimulate them to overcome this terrible disease.

I shall endeavor, in this letter, also to answer the inquiries of several "old soldiers," though my letter of inquiry in the BLADE has not elicited a reply from "Old Soldier South," much to my regret.

HEALTH.

The first, and to my mind the most important, question of all in moving to a country is about its natural healthfulness. This obtained, an enterprising, industrious, temperate, moral, cultured people can, in time, attain all they ought to wish for. After nearly five years of intense suffering from catarrh, chronic bronchitis and nervous prostration, totally incapacitating me for any business, and making me often long for death to come to my relief. I came south, and spent several months in very carefully examining the country. I traveled with eyes, ears, pen, tongue and brain constantly at work, as my health would admit of. I came to the following conclusion:

First—In any strictly semi-tropical or tropical country where there are immense bodies of very rich lands with their vast masses of vegetation decaying during 365 days in the year, it is not, nor ever can become strictly healthy; (for instance the jungles of Africa and India and the Valley of the Amazon.)

Second—No vast body of very or even moderately rich lands in a semi-tropical country subject to periodical or regular overflow either by fresh, brackish, or pure salt water can ever be permanently healthy; (vide the history of, or experience in all the rich bottom lands subject to overflow in all such countries.)

Third—That a large part of the State of Florida is so diversified or mixed,—that is into the poor, medium, good, rich, and very rich lands; pine, prairie, scrub, bayheads, high hammock, low hammock, saw-grass, and muck land; in most parts the first two of each class prevailing largely—that many localities are very healthy; the pines, the porous soil, and the sea breezes all acting as natural sanitary regulators.

Fourth—That the parts of Florida containing vast bodies of very rich low lands, (and there are such,) while their healthfulness may be greatly aided by the peninsular position of the State, its vast extent of sea coast and its life sustaining sea breezes, still they cannot be called strictly healthy, as may be seen by the fact that settlers in those parts often come to the Gulf Coast to recruit.

Fifth—With these carefully formed conclusions in view, I determined to locate here at Sarasota, Manatee County, principally on account of its healthfulness. I am satisfied, after a somewhat careful personal examination of about 28 States and Territories during the last 30 years, that the Sarasota Bay country is, during the 365 days of the year, at least as healthy as any section of the United States I have visited, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, its location, its balmy air, its equable climate, its sea breezes giving it an exemption from diseases during the Winter months fully equal to any of the mountain regions during the Summer months, while the diseases of the Summer months here are more than balanced by their Winter diseases. I came here an invalid and have recovered.

Mrs. John G. Webb had asthma in New York so badly that she could no longer live there; came here and is now one of the hardest-working ladies in this country.

Mrs. A. B. Bidwell was for years an invalid in New York. She came here and is now very healthy.

R. G. Cunliff could not live any longer in Rhode Island, but is very healthy here.

Gus V. Reidl had the ague for 12 years in other places, and even went to England to get rid of it but could not, and has been here one year and is entirely cured, taking no medicine.

Gen. John Riggin had catarrh or bronchitis so badly that he could not live in St. Louis, as had his son George also. Both are recovered.

Charlie Lewis, of Ohio, came here in the early stages of consumption, recovered, and was at last accounts in business in Tennessee.

A. E. Lee had very poor health in another County in this State, came here, recovered and went back, sick again and came here to live, and is now well.

My family has lived here five-and-a-half years. Mrs. A. is just up from a two weeks fever, brought on mostly by fright, overexertion, and exposure, on account of a fire set in the woods near us by a villain during my absence, evidently to burn us out; more of this anon. This is our first case of a visit, professionally, by a physician. Several years ago, before going North, I visited all the families I could reach in the time I had, skipping none, and of about 60 persons between the first of January and August, only one person had had a physician, and he only for a kind of throat trouble brought on by long exposure in the water rafting pickets and rails, etc. Several have died here with consumption, coming in its last stages; others die and will die, but it is very healthy.

THE SARASOTA BAYS.

Big and Little Sarasota Bays are about 35 miles long, lying right along the coast and actually a part of the Gulf of Mexico, and only separated from it by a line of keys or islands, which entirely protect their waters from destructive storms, while they open out into the Gulf by passes or natural entrances; two, Casey's and Little Sarasota pass from Little Sarasota Bay; and four, Big Sarasota, New, Longboat, and Palma Sola Sound, from Big Sarasota Bay; the last pass opening into Tampa Bay on the North, and the Manatees, a shallow pass for small boats, which can be very easily improved, which connects inside the two bays. These bays, with their waters from one to four miles wide, with their passes navigable for all the commerce their people could ever need or use, with their keys and mainland so high as never to overflow, form one of the most beautiful bays in any nearly level part of the United States. The lands along the bay are uniformly well above the water, with a ridge-like rise running parallel with the bay, and from one-eighth to one-half a mile from the water's edge, affording almost any number of nice building sites overlooking the bay.

TEMPERATURE.

Though the mercury has never risen above 96° Fahrenheit here, and very seldom above 95°, still the hot weather is longer and more uniform than in the North; for this reason I prefer the sea-shore in Summer.

The protection from frosts, which sometimes come to any and every County in the State of Florida (the statements of deceivers or deceived to the contrary notwithstanding) is very desirable. This protection is materially afforded by the Gulf of Mexico on the west, sweeping around to the northwest, and Tampa Bay on the north around to nearly northeast. Nearly always the "northers" come from westerly and northerly points, and are greatly mollified in their passage over these waters.

FOODS.

With millions of fish, oysters as good as any in the world, clams almost without limit, turtles and eggs in their season, with even ordinary industry no one need starve. Sarasota oysters are known all along this Gulf coast, and Northern visitors universally pronounce them unexcelled. From 20,000 to 90,000 packable and marketable fish have been caught at one haul of the seine. Several fisheries have been in operation during the past Winter, putting up fish for market. As long as there are fish and seaweed in the sea there will be no want of material for all the fertilizers needed for even the poorest lands there can possibly be here. Two fish-guano establishments are already in operation here.

We have in these excellent salt-water and ocean connections a railroad made by our Heavenly Father right to our very doors, anti-monopolied and unmonopoliable now and forever, which only awaits the placing of the trains thereon by the hands and energy of man. Even now we have three coasting schooners of from five to eight tons, four sloop boats, and quite a number of smaller boats; in fact, plenty of sail transportation. The man or the men who shall now first come in and put on and rightly run a line of small steamers adapted to this trade, may in a few years develop a large business and secure a competency.

With 12 months of Spring and Summer in each year, leaving very little extra expense necessary for warm houses, clothing, or food for man or beast, a large amount of expense is removed. Men and animals everywhere eat,—"they that work must eat," is an old maxim and a true one; but there are nearly 200,000 head of cattle in this County which have never been fed a mouthful by human hand or cost their owners a cent for food. True, they are all of the small Cuban or Spanish stock, and many a "Yankee" would laught at them, call them "goats" etc., but the shipping steers bring their owners from $14 to $16 a head at the ship's side, which the owners always find to be acceptable and comes very easy.

Gentlemen, are not these good, sensible reasons for selecting this place—Sarasota, as a home? I think so, and commend them to your candid judgment. I now propose to answer your questions—such as I have not anticipated in the above statements.

LAND.

There is now very little United States land left, and what there is is open to homestead and pre-emption. Much of this region was State land, and is now private, State or Disston; prices depending on location, quality, etc., from $2 up. Private lands by actual settlers are usually held very low to induce an immigration of good, thrifty and intelligent people. Many men in the North are now getting a few acres, from one-quarter to several acres for Winter homes, and having them improved. Some of us are dividing our lands in this way. Of course, choice locations near and in view of the bay are not to be picked up for a song; nor are they high, but very low for their value. Besides the bay fronts and bay ridge, several fine creeks enter at different points, along the banks of which are many fine natural locations, and some excellent lands. Pine lands the world over are not rich.

PEOPLE.

Society as a whole, for a new country, is good. All places have some bad, and most places contain some who have "left their country for its good." They float around, staying in a place as long as their crimes and outrages will be submitted to by an incoming and better people, when they either "skin out" to other fields of depredation or are visited with such punishment as even and exact justice of law, or that of a people outraged, suffering, but no longer submissive, metes out to them. I referred to one such in a former part of this letter. We have excellent schools from nearly every Northern and Southern, Eastern and Western State. We wish to know no one by his birth, his politics or his religion. We have our opinions and preferences on all these subjects; we claim our right to them and their honest, fair and candid expression, as guaranteed to us by the Constitution and laws of the United States and the State of Florida; and we propose to accord to every other man equal rights as sacredly guaranteed him by the same authority. All are not so, we admit, here or elsewhere. As for us, I personally insist that "A man's a man for a' that," and that neither this nor any other State or National Government will have attained its proper position and discharged its whole duty until it shall so jealously guard the rights of even its weakest citizen that, if necessary, the whole power of that Government shall be brought to his defense, and the egis of its protection be thrown as a bulwark around him.

SCHOOLS.

Free or public schools are of very recent origin in Florida, being unknown until after "reconstruction." The school laws are crude and need much improvement. Each County is now a District, with its schools numbered consecutively 1, 2, 3, etc. Each school should have its local and legal bounds, own its own property, conduct its own school under the law; have properly restricted power to levy local taxes, to extend its term of school, to fix the salaries of its own teacher, etc., as is now done in the more advanced educational States. By law we are now entitled to three months school, and this and some other Counties this year are trying five months. At Sarasota we have not been successful as we could desire or as we deserve. Some have been in favor of a No. 1 or advanced grade of school—others not. This will soon regulate itself. We propose to have as good schools and school advantages as any can desire; we believe that in the thoro and proper culture of a people is its safety, and to attain this end we shall spare no labor or expense within our reach.

Religious privileges may be, need to be, and ought to be greatly improved. Sometimes we have had regular preaching, sometimes none; sometimes good, then poor; now none. Sometimes a Sunday school, all sorts, from good to poor; now none. We greatly desire a good and regular religious service which will be profitable and a "Feast for the Soul." We have a small fund started toward a building for worship, and are waiting for "the moving of the water."

PLAGUES AND BOTHERS.

We have fewer snakes in Sarasota—poisonous or harmless, than there are in any new country I have visited. Rattlesnakes are not nearly so numerous but are larger than we had them in early times in Northern Illinois. Muskeos we have sometimes, especially during July, August and September full moons, at night and sometimes in the daytime. Sometimes after heavy rains when the ponds are not full so that the fish can get in, they breed plentifully. Just now this is the case. They are troublesome but few days in the year in open fields. A horse can be very easily protected against them at night. I have seen them as bad in some parts of Minnesota, Kansas, New York and New Jersey, as I ever saw them in any place in Florida save three. In any of them they are too bad for me. Sandflies are seldom troublesome; when there is no wind, a dead calm, perhaps morning or evening, if cloudy, they may find you, and if they do you will prefer musketos. Cockroaches are always on hand if you will let them be. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety, and a systematic attention to them will lay them out. Fleas we seldom have. I have had more in one week in other places than in five years in Sarasota. Let plenty of litter and filth accumulate about, your hogs sleep under, and plenty of dogs in your house, and you will not want for fleas.

LABOR AND PRODUCTS.

I have never known a good, temperate, honest man or woman to want work and not be able to get it. The demand is more than the supply. Lumber is principally yellow, or hard or pitch pine. The best mill in South Florida is about 25 miles from here by water. We also get it by water from Cedar Keyes, Appalachicola and Pensacola. Prices here are from $10 to $30 per M. We need a good portable mill. While the woods and prairies here abound in grasses, as a rule they are not as good as the Western native grasses. Para, Guinea, Bermuda and other grasses are now being tried with success. This is not a grain country. The lands produce only from 10 to 30 bushels of corn per acre, fertilized or not; though Gov. Drew, at Ellaville, produced 140 bushels per acre on fertilized pine land. Corn is usually $1 per bushel. The West can furnish us our corn and pork, butter and cheese, while we supply it with oranges, lemons, limes, guavas, pine-apples, sugar, rice, tobacco, bananas, early tomatos, peas, beans, cabbages, melons, strawberries, etc., against which at one season of the year they can never be our competitor. Then we must furnish our nearer markets with the more delicate fruits as the mango, alligator pear, sapodilla, etc.; also the olive, pecan and almond, cassava, cumtee, and others to "sandwich in."

TOIL.

"But," says one, "can a man live at Sarasota without work?"

Yes, if he has money enough, and with it he can live anywhere in this world above water and below ice and snow, but without it or property earned or earning, no sound, healthy man has any business to live in or on any community without labor of hand, heart, or brain.

A parasite, bearing no fruit, doing no duty, benefiting no person or thing, has no right even to life. Such are not wanted; ought not to be wanted anywhere, either in this world on the one to come. The words, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread all the days of thy life," which rang out ages ago, will be found ringing on over every prairie and saw-grass, through every bay-head, hammock and pine-wood in Florida as elsewhere, and no man need expect to be exempt from that law; but let it be as fully understood by every man, woman and child in all this broad land, that to be candid, industrious, honest, economical, temperate, good man, few parts of this world offer him better promise of an existence during his years of toil, and a competence in his later years, than does this section offer to-day.

Says on—"Will all succeed?" I answer no! They don't at anything or anywhere; but if they don't here their disaster will be less serious than elsewhere, on account of climate.

ORANGES.

Says another—"What is the cost of an orange grove by the time it bears, or of a grove in bearing?"

I reply—what is the cost of raising a child to manhood, and what is he worth after you raise him? All the way from nothing but labor up. There is no excellence without great labor, and eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Ought an orange tree to be raised without cost to a bearing age and then bring its owner $10, $50, $99, or $100 per year for two or three score of years? Hon. Chas. H. Foster, of this County, has one tree which produced him $90 at two crops. He has one acre which last year brought him $1,000 for its fruit. One grove of 150 trees—about an acre—brought its owners $1,455 for one crop. Rev. Edmund Lee, of this County, has about one-half an acre around his house on some of the poor pine land, and it brings him, he says, a little over $300 per year, and all it has ever had is soap-suds and dish-water from the house. Wm. H. Whittaker had 4,000 oranges at one crop on one tree. George Riggin, "Madame Joe," one of 5,000. Others in the State have raised six, seven, eight, nine, and in one case over 14,000 from one tree at one crop. Twas an old saying, "Se. Rome and die." So the grove, or the man who owned it, ought to die if his trees should average such numbers at any age or in any place. The grove ought to die from such an over-production; and not one man in a thousand with such an income but would have his head turned by its possession. I know of no well-attended grove in south Florida, of proper or reasonable age, which does not produce $500 or over per acre each year. Ought not 10 acres be enough? I think so. I saw an orange tree one year old from the seed with two oranges growing on it. Will all produce this? No! Who would expect it? I saw one orange budded on the lemon, at two years from the bud, and I counted 114 oranges nearly matured on it. No one would expect such to be the average. I have a citron tree now two and a half years from the seed, with two citrons on it, as large as the largest cocoanuts. A citron now four years from seed, which has borne this year 50, weighing nearly 200 pounds of fruit. I have a lemon tree which at three and a half years from the seed has just borne 14 large lemons. I have several lime trees which at two and a half and three years bore their first fruit last season. A Sicily lemon tree that at three and a half years bore eight, which are just gone, and now there are nearly 200 coming on, some nearly as large as a hen's egg. A lime tree three and a half years from the seed now has several hundred young limes on it. These trees are on some of my poorest pine land, so poor that it has been said "It will never raise anything," and it has not had more than half care. I have on the same land some pineapple plants in fruit from suckers set last Fall. Will all thus bear or always bear? No, nor ought they to. I have about 2,000 orange, lemon and lime trees and about 20,000 pineapple plants out in place, but no oranges yet in bearing. I have one lemon tree now about seven years old from seed which has for three and a half years been in such constant bearing that I think no week has passed during which I could not have made a lemonade from the tree.

I know a man who about nine years ago began with his muscle and a little yoke of Florida oxen and a family of seven to support on a piece of State land which he was too poor to pay for at $1 per acre. He has gotten through those years, and one year ago sold his lands and grove for $4,000 cash. Will everybody do as well? Oh, no, but I mention these things to show that the kind of men and families which I have described as desirable, need have no fears of starving. The industrious, the temperate, the good shall possess the land and shall succeed in it; and so shall this ever be the "Land of the free and the home of the brave.

C. E. ABBE.

Had a Weak Point.

Wall Street News.

One of those good, old-fashioned fathers—born and reared on a farm, but willing to see his children live an easier life, came down to "York" the other day to see about getting his son Moses into a bank. He went to a friend, and the friend sent him to the cashier, and the cashier said:

"Is your son quick at figures?"

"Tolerably quick."

"Is he ambitious?"

"Yes; he wants to get on."

"Is he a hard worker?"

"Well Moses kin mow his three acres of grass per day."

"Why does he prefer a bank to a store?"

"I swan! I never asked him why, but I guess it's because he thinks there's a better chance to climb up. Moses is right on the climb."

"He is perfectly honest, of course?"

"Well, now, that's the only weak point Moses has got, and I was going to say to you if you took him in, that if you keep a wire fence between Moses and any money lying around loose, and if you have a rule agin hoss trading, and if you don't allow shaking dice or card-playing, and if he will keep sober, Moses will make one of the most tremendous bankers this country ever saw!"

Incombustible Paper.

Age of Steel.

Mr. G. Meyer, at a recent meeting of the Societe d'Encouragement, exhibited a new paste combination designed for the manufacture of incombustible cardboard or paper of all sorts and shades. The inventor did not wish to make known at the time the chemical composition of the paste, and also of a new ink exhibited with it, as the patents that he had applied for in Germany and America had not yet been obtained. He made known the fact, nevertheless, that asbestos was the principal thing employed in the manufacture of his incombustible paper.

He presented specimens of writing, printing, engraving, etc., made with his inks of different colors, and also showed a water-color drawing that had been submitted to the fiery ordeal of the potter's furnace. The painting had preserved all its brilliancy and the paper its flexibility. By request the inventor for a few minutes exposed to a gas flame a sheet of his paper upon which he had written with ink of his composition. Neither the ink nor the paper was changed. In order to demonstrate by a most conclusive test how great a heat the paper and ink were capable of withstanding, Mr. Meyer then placed a lithograph, 15x16 centimeters, between the two layers of glass in a state of fusion. On removal the paper was found to have completely resisted the action of the heat, and the engraving to have preserved all its sharpness.

Why He Married the Bachelor.

Chicago Cheek.

A postman left two letters at the residence of a Chicago minister, both of which contained an application for his services to perform the marriage ceremony at the same time.

"I hardly know what to do," he remarked to his wife. "I can't accommodate them both. Let me see—Mr. A. has been married before, has he not?"

"Oh, yes," replied his wife, "he lost his first wife six months ago."

"And Mr. B. is a bachelor!"

"Yes."

"That settles it, then. I shall marry Mr. B. When a man marries the second time he never says the minister any more than the law allows, but young bachelors are sometimes very foolish," and the good man rubbed his hands mildly.

Excursion Parties from Germany.

New York Sun.

A system of excursions to America and back is attracting interest in the German capital, the route being by way of Liverpool. The inducements held out in regard to the number of interesting sights to be seen in the New World are flattering to this country. But there seems to be no need of taking extra pains to encourage the German movement to America, and perhaps it may be found that some who pay for the round trip, having once got here, will throw up their return tickets, especially should they have the prospect of compulsory military service on arriving home.

They Want Her Back.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Miss Jessie Buckner can now return. Cincinnati society has missed her sadly.

TOCCOA CITY, GA.—Dr. J. P. Newman says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular and their use always results satisfactorily."

A CHORUS OF DUDES.

BY JOHN ALBRO.

Oh, give us the imported thing,
With true aristrocratic ring,
The home-made's far too rude;
We want the foreign, absent stare,
The consciousness of debonair
Which marks the perfect Dude.

Yet, if we can't impart enough,
We'll have to take for *quantum suff.*
A native one or two;
Or, to express it in a word—
Although the notion seems absurd—
A Yankee Dude'll do.

A SEASONABLE HOMILY.

Town or Country?—A Question for Speedy Settlement.

Boston Commonwealth.

The house in the City has thick walls. It would take long for the sun to heat them through. The ceiling is high, for in building we were as particular about the hight of our studding as any housefancier that ever lived. It is in a quiet location. The horse-cars stop a block below and turn down the next block—so the noise and dust does not discommode us. There are trees in front, birds twitter and chirp in their leafy domes, a fountain plays in the plot before our windows, and around the basin verbenas, petunias, fuchsias, mignonets and dark-eyed pansies send their mingled fragrance on the damp, cool air. We have utilized every bit of soil about our City brick. Gay nasturtiums and inquisitive wistarias peep into the area windows; fragile morning glories twine over the iron fence, and the delicate madeiras and a choice rose-vine or two climb up the piazza columns. We have done the best we could, within our City limits, to ward off the Summer heat. The great cool library, with its precious treasures, the pictures and busts, and articles of *vertu*, we hate to leave them; but the feminine head of the mansion talks of the country, and, like an obedient *pater-familias*, we give in and consent.

First comes the packing. The furniture looks like sheeted ghosts. The dinners are neglected, and finally we are requested to take our dinners at some restaurant down-town. We obey, of course. We go home and go to our room to make a toilet. We are tired, hot, dusty. Trunks fill the center of the room. The cool linen suit we intended to wear is packed. So are our combs and brushes. We find them at last, tucked into a boot. With many a regretful sigh for comforts vanished, we go down to our library. The wife of our bosom has taken that for a common sitting-room. The papers and books we kept on the table convenient to our hand when we had a moment to spare are packed away now. Bonnet-boxes and bundles, etc., take their places. We sigh and retire to the rear yard—and smoke. The *materfamilias* pursues us, relentless as Atropos. The tickets must be gotten. A thousand-and-one last charges are given, and we are glad when the *tete-a-tete* is over.

Next morning comes the bustle of the closing of the house, and we sigh as we lock the door. The journey is pleasant, and the children are good, we think, after all. Madame la Mere was right—it is good to go into the country. We alight at the door of a little box of a house, and wonder where our family will stow themselves if the owner and occupant has any room himself. We are shown up a tiny staircase, into a tiny chamber, with a tiny blinded window, curtained with green paper, a straw-carpet on the floor, a set of pine furniture, everything scrupulously neat. But we think of the luxurious chamber we have left, and sigh. Another tiny little room, similarly furnished, accommodates the children.

We are tired. The family retire early. How we miss the bath-room and the gas! We get asleep and are awakened by a gentle tapping. Some mediumistic performances flit before our drowsy brain. We rub our eyes and sit up. "Tap! tap! tap!" This time we are conscious it is only the curtain swinging in the fresh breeze. All night long that curtain keeps up its weird music. We try to pull it up, but it will go so far and no farther. Ditto down. We make a mental resolve that it shall not torment us to-morrow night. Next morning we begin the day by getting a sting from an angry wasp under the apple tree. Harry gets stung by the bees and Minnie falls from the fence. A thunder-shower towards night and a gorgeous sunset recompense the inconveniences.

But the worst is to come. The rain has driven the musketo tribe within doors, and camphor, pennyroyal, and all other appliances prove vain. Musketo-nets prove unequal to the defense of the musical invaders. Possibly we do not swear under the infliction, but, 10 to one! others would feel as though they could. Morning dawns at last, and the gorged myriads retire. Worn out, we consign ourselves to our morning nap, hoping to make up for the lost hours of repose; but, just as we are dreaming of sailing down the bluest of rivers in a barge fashioned like Cleopatra's, and to the sound of sweetest music, we are roused with the stern injunction: "There, now! Don't go to sleep again! The train starts in three-quarters of an hour, and you will have barely time to dress, eat your breakfast, and reach the station!" "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." So, with many a struggle with our better self, we finally conclude to get up, as we ought. One day is like another—with variations. We are caught in a thunder shower, and our host did not send the buggy to the depot as we expected, having other use for his horse; so we are obliged to walk an eighth of a mile through country mud, and with a small deluge trickling down our back, for we had no umbrella, and on examination we find we have ruined our best hat and thickened our boots with three inches of clay and gravel. Accidents *will* happen in the best regulated families, and we replace our spoiled hat with a later style, and then register a mental resolution never to be caught without an umbrella, even at the risk of getting the sobriquet of "Paul Pry" from some of our would-be witty friends.

A hot, dry week is succeeded by a fortnight of damp drizzle. "First-rate weather for grass!" our host remarks cheerfully. He has harvested his first crop, and the rain on the roots will cause the tender shoots of grass to spring up when the sun shines. Ah! well, we are not a farmer, and so do not sympathize very heartily with our host; but we mentally wonder if he would be so cheerful if his first crop of hay was lying out in the meadows, cut and ready for storage, but unfortunately caught in this long storm. True, the weather can't suit everybody, and we bear it manfully—or, think we do. But the damp chill penetrates everywhere. The stoves are "down," in housekeeping parlance, and we think how a brisk blaze in the furnace, at home, would dry up the damp chill and kill the germs of malaria that lurk about in such weather. Well, Harry has the croup, and just as we think "Now the clouds are breaking, the sun will shine and all will go well," Minnie is taken down with diftheria.

On the whole, we believe the Summer would have been quite as comfortable at home, and we wonder if it would not have been far pleasanter and more economical, too, to have stayed behind when the rush began for country or seaside and taken little excursions by boat or cars in to the adjacent territory and returned at night; but, then, how unfashionable! and as well out of the world as out of the fashion, you know.

Kentucky Rebuked.

Louisville Post.

Kentucky has vaster and richer resources. Why do we not have capital pouring in and a tide of immigration? It is because we invoke "the higher law" and the shotgun. It is because the dolts elevated to office, and made thereby Representatives of the sentiment of the State, insist that "Kentucky must be for Kentuckians." It is because we have such idiotic hostility to railroads, and such jealousy to new-comers and new enterprises. It is because the lunatics are on top.

Most Reprehensible.

Kansas City Times.

Of all the designs for ladies' hose that with the green snake coiled up on a background of scarlet silk is the most regre hensible.

PROOF READING.

A Scene With a Spring Poet.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I think you are just too mean for anything!" exclaimed a bewitching damsel, as she boiled into the managing editor's office, sank into a chair and burst into sobs.

"Oh, look here! Don't!" remonstrated the managing editor, slipping the corkscrew down the back of his neck and the still lighted pipe into his coat pocket. "I published your poem, you know! Promised I would and I can show it to you. Don't make a row!" And the managing editor wrapped a beer bottle in a page of manuscript and ordered the office boy to take it to the foreman, with instructions to carry it as a leader under penalty of the law. "It was the prettiest thing we ever had in the *Eagle*, and I set it up in type myself so there wouldn't be any mistakes. Let up on the weep now, that's a good girl."

"I—I know you pub—published it!' moaned the fair visitor. "But what did it look like when it came out? When did I ever say:

"'We'll meet in the valley with poker and tongs!'

"'I wrote it;

"'We'll meet in the valley with jokes and songs!'

"'And then you made me say:

"'Here's to the madman that love me—will!'

"'And if you'd had any sense, you'd have known that it was:

"'Here's to the maiden that loves me still!'"

And here she went into a fresh set of convulsions.

"But that's all right!" pleaded the managing editor, wishing he'd left out that whopper about setting up the matter himself.

"The new idea about the alley was an improvement on yours, because it brought it under the head of this new realistic school of poetry, and I tell you," added the managing editor, solemnly, that poem, just as it appeared in our paper with your name attached to it, has attracted more attention and been more extensively copied than any other production that has appeared in this country for 20 years."

"Do you mean to tell me that as a fact?" demanded the fair poetess, straightening up with a jerk. "Is that really so?"

"If it hadn't been that we run short of *Eagles* and had to let people have our exchanges so they could scrap that poem, I could show you the gem in over 2,000 first class journals," replied the managing editor, smiling cheerfully and rubbing his hands.

"Didn't any of them seem to notice that awful blunder, where it said:

"'Fine pigs illume the monkey shine?'

"when I wrote it;

"'Pine sprigs perfume the mountain side!'

"Didn't they seem to think that was a—a little far fetched?"

"I think more people bought papers on that one line than any other," protested the managing editor. "One critic came out boldly and congratulated the universe on the developement of a poetess who had the nerve to do what you had done. Any one can string rhymes together, can talk about sprigs, but where's the artist who had the audacity to put the domestic animals into fiery verse and make poetry for the first time in all history the medium for conveying the simple experience of all the world to the mind of even the humblest reader? That's the way people are talking about that poem, that you, in your modesty, pretend you saw no beauty in! If you could hear that poem talked about as I have, I think you'd want to die!" and the managing editor assumed a virtuous expression and then looked hurt.

"Of course, no genius is as good a judge of their works as the intelligent readers of papers. I understand that," and the new poetess simpered and looked downcast. "But how did they appear to take the line:

"'The qualmy winds like cow's milk flow!'

"Really I've forgotten whether I wrote it in that way, or whether I put it:

"'The balmy winds like corn silk blow!'

"Do you remember how that was?"

"We printed it just as you wrote," returned the managing editor, severely. "I am surprised that you should charge this office with the grandest poetical effort of modern times. That is over modest, and I'd rather you would be frank and truthful with me."

"Pardon me," becught the fair one, resting her hand on his arm. "I was wrong. Forgive me, and to make amends I will let you have four more poems that I had intended for other papers!"

The managing editor blanched, but his nerves came to his rescue. "I think the effect of the first will not wear off until Fall," said he. "We can let these stand over until then, or even until Winter. There is no use of blasting a reputation by exciting the enmity of the critics and the envy of the old hands at the

The Sunday School.

Second Quarterly Review.

LESSON 13, SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 1883.

Titles and Golden Texts.

1. SIMON THE SORCERER.

Thy heart is not right in the sight of God.—Acts 8: 21.

2. PHILIP THE ETHIOPIAN.

And he went on his way rejoicing.—Acts 8: 39.

3. SAUL'S CONVERSION.

And he received sight forthwith, and rose, and was baptized,—Acts 9: 18.

4. SAUL PREACHING CHRIST.

He which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed.—Gal. 1: 23.

5. PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9: 34.

6. PETER PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

On the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost.—Acts 10: 45.

7. THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord.—Acts 11: 21.

8. HEROD AND PETER.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him.—Psa. 34: 7.

9. PAUL AND BARNABAS IN CYPRUS.

Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.—Acts 13: 2.

10. AT ANTIOCH.

And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region.—Acts 13: 43.

11. AT ICONIUM AND LYSTRA.

Speaking boldly in the Lord.—Acts 14: 3.

12. END OF THE FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. 28: 19.

Hints for the Primary Teacher.

Remember, that in a primary class review it is a great mistake to attempt too much. A variety of methods are suggested in these hints, from which to select what seems best adapted for your own use.

If you last week, traced the missionary journey of Paul and Barnabas, you can review with brief questions, and then recall other places mentioned in our quarter's lessons, marking the localities on the map or blackboard: Peter and John in Samaria, Philip on the desert road, Saul on the way to Damascus, Peter at Lydda and Joppa, Cornelius at Cesarea, Peter in prison, and Herod dead. This geographical exercise will bring back the principal persons of whom we be children have studied, and they can answer as you question on previous teaching; or can repeat, until learned, some short verses by which you can teach the truths of the lessons. Put on the blackboard the names:

PETER AND JOHN.
PHILIP.
PAUL AND BARNABAS.

When Peter and John went to Samaria, they prayed that the people might receive the Holy Ghost. Was it given? Who bought it would help in his business to have his gift, and offered money to buy it? What did Peter tell him about his heart? What strange things did Peter do to Ananias? Why was he sent for to go to Joppa? When he found the widows weeping in the upper chamber, what did they show him? Why were they weeping? What did he do which as known all around? In whom did many believe? What Roman soldier in Cesarea sent for Peter? What did he see in the house of Cornelius about "whosoever believeth" in Jesus Christ? How many soldiers guarded Peter in prison? Will you remember about it. What is the promise in that golden text?

We have only one lesson about Philip. Who was riding in a chariot which he came unt? What was he reading? When Philip asked if he believed with all his heart, what did he answer? What was Philip commanded to say to Stephen stood? What did Saul see and hear as he came near to Damascus? What golden text tells us of the change in Saul? Where did Paul and Barnabas labor for a whole year? What name was there first given to the followers of Christ? What a Christian? Who were the first two missionaries? In what place do they preach? What command of Jesus were they obeying? All that missionary work was done to establish or build up the Church of Christ. Not a house, nor a building—a place to worship God, such as we call a church—but a company of believers in Christ who were to begin them to carry or send the gospel everywhere, and this work to go on until the story of his life and love shall be known over all the earth. You know the lessons of the ascending Lord and the descending Spirit, of the power given the disciples to work signs and wonders in his name. You remember how the disciples taught and preached, beginning in Jerusalem, and how the Lord added to the church daily. In this quarter we have learned how the gospel was sent to the Gentiles. We will take for our review Golden Text the one about "the end of the Lord."

Here are three of the ways by which the work of the Lord was done and the gospel spread.

PREACHING.
PRAYER.
PERSECUTION.

Preaching—Who were some of the preachers? Where? In synagogues, in streets, in houses, by the way side, Philip to one person, Paul often to almost the whole city, Peter in a large company, by word and by sword and Gentile teaching, by word and by miracle, to believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God. A little verse tells how the preaching of the gospel was blest, and has been from that time until now. (Have it repeated.) "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

Prayer—The teacher who will follow in clearly each lesson the instances given, will find much to teach on the subject of prayer. The apostles prayed for the believers in Samaria that they might receive the Holy Spirit—they received it; Peter taught the need of prayer to the man who thought he could see was not right; Saul prayed in Damascus; Peter prayed by dead Dorcas; Cornelius's prayers were heard and answered; Peter prayed on the house-top; Christians prayed in the house of Mary; the Antioch Christians prayed when they sent the missionaries away, the apostles prayed when they ordained elders, and left the churches they founded and revisited. What does God say to every one of us about prayer? "Pray unto me and I will hearken unto you."

Persecution—After whose death were the disciples scattered abroad? How did that spread the gospel? Question on the persecution of Saul, escaping in a basket; of Paul, after James. How does the Bible show that God overrules such persecution for his own glory? "The wrath of man shall praise thee." The hand of the Lord;" a delightful exercise might be made upon the Golden Text: God's hand and how he used other hands to do his work. The apostles' laying on of hands, Ananias's hand on blind Saul, Peter taking the hand of Dorcas, that busy hand which had served so well; Peter's hand chained, knocking, held up to the praying ones; Paul's beckoning hand; Barnabas's hand-grasp. Over all was the strong, mighty father's hand. What promise has he given that it will uphold me with the right hand of my righteousness.'

Another beauty of this review is the striking contrasts; a lad and a rejoicing heart; two sorcerers, two men blind "for a season;" one expecting death, delivered, his keepers killed; a persecutor becomes preacher, coming instead of sword-stroke dead Dorcas, alive, believing Rhoda and the astonished disciples; enemies persecuting, scattering the believers, and yet the church was established. "A great number believed and turned unto the Lord."—*Faith Latimer in S. S. Times.*

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The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

STAR ROUTES.

Merrick Closes His Address—The Case to Go to the Jury Tuesday.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Merrick concluded his address as follows: The people, regardless of party, would pay everlasting tribute to the administration that had the high moral courage to punish corruption in members of its own political household. He demanded from the jury a verdict of guilty against all the defendants—not a verdict based upon sympathies, but upon facts and evidence and law. He defended this verdict in behalf of the people of the United States, whose public treasury these defendants had robbed. He demanded a verdict in vindication of official trusts defendants had disregarded, of the laws of the land which they had spurned with contempt. He demanded a verdict in vindication of the truth and honor and virtue of the American people, which these men had stained and blackened. By a unanimous verdict of guilty that injury to virtue and truth and honor might be redeemed, and that, too, by a jury taken from the people, showing their appreciation of virtue and purity. He demanded a verdict. Merrick thanked the Court and Jury for their patient attention, and took his seat.

An attempt at applause was suppressed by the Court, who asked if both sides were prepared to submit their prayers. After a short discussion counsel on both sides agreed to submit the prayer of each to secure their publication in the next issue of the Record; and then the question arose as to the time to be allowed for argument. Ingersoll's suggestion it was decided to limit the time to Monday, the time to be equally divided between prosecution and defense. The attendance of the jury being unnecessary during the argument or prayer, they were excused until Tuesday, and Court adjourned until Monday.

HIGH LICENSE.

Illinois Saloonkeepers Must Pay $150 to Sell Beer and $500 to Sell Distilled Spirits.

SPRINGFIELD, June 8.—Harper's high-license bill passed the lower House of the Legislature to-day by a vote of 77 to 75. It provides for a minimum license throughout the State of $150 for beer saloons and $500 for the sale of distilled spirits. Its adoption by the Senate is deemed certain.

CHICAGO, June 8.—The fact that the high license bill is almost certain to become a law in this City is the general topic of conversation to-night. There are about 4,000 saloons in the City, paying $1,000 each, or about $200,000. It is estimated the number will be decreased to 3,000 under the new law, yielding a revenue to the City of $450,000. From a series of interviews among parties interested, the following is found to be the prevailing opinion:

The Citizens' Temperance League rejoices and will celebrate by mass meetings.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union views the bill with dislike and suspicion, as a scheme to make saloons pay long the life of their traffic. Leading liquor dealers will accept the situation and will not contest the constitutionality of the law, if passed by the Senate, admitting it cannot be successfully attacked.

IOWA LYNCHERS.

The Barber Boys Lynched by a Mob Led by a Brother of Shepherd.

SUMNER, June 7.—The Barber boys were taken to Independence jail the night of June 5th and released by the mob. The Sheriff of Bremer County returned with them at one o'clock to-day and they are in the Waverly jail. There is talk that they will be hung to-night or to-morrow night.

DUBUQUE, June 7.—The Herald's special from Waverly says the Barber boys were taken from the jail by the mob at 11:30 o'clock to-night and hung to a tree half a mile east of the jail. The mob was composed of men from Fayette County and were led by the brother of the man Shepherd, whom the brothers killed last Fall at West Union. The Sheriff was not able to up the key, and the mob battered down the doors with large hammers and after a short delay inside, brought the criminals out with ropes around their necks. The boys did not flinch a particle and did not even plead for mercy during the whole ordeal.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Rev. W. H. Chapman says: "I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic for general ill-health."

Solicitors of Claims.

Stoddart & Co., 413 G. street N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Driver Killed, but the Races Were Resumed.

AUBURN, June 8.—While scoring for a race, a gelding driven by Eugene Root, of Syracuse, became unmanageable, and suddenly was broken by a collision. The horse dashed from the track through the grounds, dragging the driver by the feet. Root's head was crushed by the horse's hoofs, and he will die. The buggy was smashed and several persons were slightly injured before the horse was stopped. There was a large crowd and wild excitement prevailed. The races were resumed within half an hour.

Sergt. Mason's Wife.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—The suit to recover $5,000 counsel fees, brought by J. S. Bigelow, attorney, this City, against Belle E. Mason, wife of Sergt. Mason, came up in Court to-day on a motion to dissolve the order restraining Mrs. Mason from using the money collected for her use time by public subscription. Among the papers submitted by Mrs. Mason's counsel was a letter from the counsel of Bigelow offering, in behalf of the latter, to relinquish all claims for $500. The case was submitted without argument.

Pigeons Beating the Telegraph.

BROOKLYN, June 7.—F. O'Connell, having been complained of for keeping a nuisance in the shape of a hundred noisy pigeons, showed to-day that they were carrier pigeons, and that he employed them between his home in Brooklyn and his farm at Westchester. They would return to the City in 12 minutes, and were more speedy than the telegraph. He was allowed to keep the birds.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

is designed to meet the wants of a large portion of our people who are either too poor to employ a physician, or are too far removed to easily call one, and a still larger class who are not sick enough to require medical advice, and yet are out of sorts and need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies so it will do its duty willingly. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy.

My friend, you need not take our word. Ask your neighbor who has just taken one bottle. He will tell you that "It's the best dollar I ever invested."

LEBANON, N. H., Feb. 19, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.—Although greatly prejudiced against patent medicines in general, I was induced, from the excellent reports I had heard of your Sarsaparilla, to try a bottle, last December, for dyspepsia and general debility, from which I have received very gratifying results from its use. I am now using the second bottle, and consider it a most excellent remedy for indigestion and its attendant troubles.

Yours truly,
F. C. CHURCHILL,
(Firm of Carter & Churchill.)

☞ A gentleman who has been suffering from the *Debility* and *Languor* peculiar to this season, says: "HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA is putting new life right into me. I have gained ten pounds since I began to take it." Has taken two bottles.

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40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c, postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

40 Lovely chromos, name on, 1 Model love letter, 20 fancy cards all 10c, 8 sbc. O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct.

50 Elegant, All New Style Gold and Enameled Floral Chromos, name on, 10c. New Model Sheen and Enameled Cards, 10c. Nassau Card Co., East Haven, Conn.

40 New and Beautiful CHROMO CARDS name in New Type, and an Elegant 48 page, Gilt Bound Floral Album, all for 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Conn.

CARDS New Styles: *Gold Bevel Edge and Chromo Cards*, Chromo Verses, Floral and Motto, *largest variety and lowest prices*. 50 Chromo Cards and a prize for 10c. Clinton Bros. & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

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50 Cards, Hand Painted Chromo Cards, Lace, Motto, Floral, Scroll, Birds, Name, &c., 10c. Agent's Sample Book of 50 styles and 50 Games, 10c. Send stamp for Catalogue of Novelties. Agents wanted. Address, J. B. HOOD & CO., Exeter, N. H.

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THE SLAVS.

What Austria's Bitterest Foes Look Like.

Belgravia.

There is no race of men so dangerous as the fighting Slav, the Montenegrin, the Bosnian, the Herzegovinian, the Croat. Austria knows too bitterly what a terrible antagonist is the civilized Dalmatian when he takes up arms. If these wilder people ever had a character resembling the Russ and Serb and Bulgar, circumstances have transformed them. The contrast now is striking. Quick of intellect but stubborn, cunning though fearless, patient though excitable, the mountain Slav is a very incarnation of a man, the perfected wild beast. Under a mass of soldierly frankness he is preversely treacherous, as a rule, but also he is bound to the death by his own shibboleths if one knew them. Pity does not move him; his brain is cool while his passions blaze with madness. And he has the physical advantages which gives his character full play. Generally tall, often gigantic, he is always strong, for none but the vigorous survive. His features are handsome, his eyes, of palish blue or amber yellow, have the keen look fitting to a warrior. A long, fair mustache up-curled hides his stern mouth; his bearing is martial, and his stride full of arrogant self-confidence. Though rough with his fellows, a man of the upper class is superbly courteous to the stranger. And a manly costume sets off every advantage.

Time's Changes.

Rochester Post-Express.

When we were 10 years old we used to think, while gazing in the window of a candy-store, how much we would like to work in such a place. Now we are affected with a similar feeling while gazing in the window of a bank.

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1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes, 50 each	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes, 20 each	12,000
		1,000 Prizes, 10 each	10,000
10 Prizes, $1,000 each, $10,000,			
20 Prizes, 500 each, 10,000,			
9 Prizes, $30 each, Approximation Prizes,			$ 270
9 Prizes, 20 each,		"	180
9 Prizes, 10 each,		"	90
1,960 Prizes			$112,400
Whole Tickets, $2.		Half Tickets, $1.	
27 Tickets, $50.		56 Tickets, $100.	

Remit money or bank draft in letter or send by express. Don't send by Registered Letter or Postoffice Order. Orders of $5 and upwards by express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal building, Louisville, Ky.

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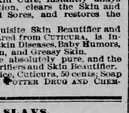

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, June, 14 1883.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 85,000.

THE BLADE AND OTHER WEEKLY PAPERS.

There are weekly papers disputing the field with the BLADE, that issue, occasionally, ten pages instead of eight. We only issue eight pages, but those eight pages contain more matter than the ten of the others. The BLADE has *eight* columns to the page, instead of *six* or *seven*, which are packed with the very best of matter, written and selected especially for a weekly paper.

We assert that we give more matter each week, better matter, a better arrangement of matter, and more valuable specialties than any weekly paper in the world. WE MAKE NO EXCEPTIONS.

And we furnish a superior paper for the same money that is exacted for carelessly-edited and inferior ones.

There is no such dollar's worth in the world, as the Weekly BLADE. And as good as it is, we shall make it better every week. The old style Nasby letters will be continued regularly, as occasion warrants, we shall soon commence a new serial by that most charming writer Mr. ERNEST WARREN, whose "Throne and Scaffold," was so pronounced a success, and we have other new features to announce shortly, the whole combined making a paper which no family can afford to do without.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Any one not a subscriber receiving this number will consider himself invited to mail us a dollar, receiving in return the BLADE for 52 weeks, postage paid.

INDIAN LEGENDS.

A New Feature of Great Interest.

In a week or two we will begin the publication of a most interesting series of **"Indian and Frontier Legends,"** by Dr. H. L. SCOTT, of Lancaster, O., a gentleman of the highest reputation as a historian of the early days of the Great West, and whose "Legend of the Hocking Valley," published in the BLADE a few weeks ago, gives an excellent idea of his graceful and vivacious style. We expect that these contributions will meet with the greatest favor from our readers.

THE New York *Sun* thinks the "genius of Ohio Democrats for defeating themselves" is what the Republicans most rely on.

THE French Government is greatly alarmed lest England incite China to make war on France, but England, it is declared, has no such design.

GERMAN people are getting tired of conscription and that is said to be one of the strongest reasons for the great emigration. The feeling upon the subject is said to be intense.

A VERY interesting letter from Paris, written by Capt. ROBINSON LOCKE will be found on the fifth page. It is a graceful word picture of a day's outing in the great pleasure capital of the world.

A $50 RUG upon which Pres. ARTHUR stood on at the reception at the Academy of Music, after the bridge opening at Brooklyn, the other day, was sold for $500 on that account. The Prince of Snobs, whoever he may be, must have bought it.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY and LUCY STONE BLACKWELL have been left $57,000 by a Mrs. EDDY, of Boston, with the request that it be used for the benefit of the cause of Woman Suffrage, but in no way legally binding them to do so. Those who know the legatees will be sure that the money will be used as designated.

PEOPLE feel, when starting off upon a long railroad journey, that the chances are about even of getting through safely or of being killed. Yet statistics show that out of 375,000,000 persons carried each year over the railroads of the United States about 1,800 meet with injuries, while 460 lose their lives. For each one killed 800,000 are carried in safety.

JAY GOULD'S yacht is to be a most magnificent affair, but what he wants of an ice machine, capable of making a thousand pounds of ice a day, is a query. Then, too, he is to have a patent distilling machine which will daily convert 500 gallons of salt water into fresh. Evidently he don't mean to keep his friends on champagne.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

AS THE BLADE went to press last week the Republicans of Ohio, assembled in one of the largest, most earnest and harmonious gatherings of the party ever held in the State, were putting in nomination for Governor Capt. J. B. FORAKER, a gallant and accomplished gentleman, who entered the army at the age of 16, as a private and by dint of good soldiership rose to the rank of Captain by the close of the war. He led his regiment over the works at the famous charge of Mission Ridge, and performed other acts of distinguished courage. After the war he completed his education, graduating at Cornell, and entered the practice of the law. He was quite successful in his profession and in a few years was honored with election as one of the Superior Judges of Cincinnati. The rest of the ticket at Columbus was made up of equally good men, among whom were five soldiers besides Capt. FORAKER. A sterling, ringing platform, speaking out boldly for Protective Tariff, restoration of the duty on wool, curbing the evils of the liquor traffic by strenuous taxation, and favoring Civil Service Reform was adopted. Both ticket and platform met with the warmest approval of the press and people of the State, and the outlook for Republican success in the State is unusually encouraging.

QUITE a vigorous boom has been given the "old ticket"—of TILDEN and HENDRICKS—for the Democratic nomination in 1884. This was undoubtedly a feeler instigated by TILDEN himself, with HENDRICKS's co-operation. The matter has been rather industriously in the papers for a week or more, and made some sensation, but the expression called forth can hardly be said to be encouraging, and we are likely to hear the last of it very soon. There are too many younger men in the Democratic party aspiring to the Presidential nomination, to make men who are now only a reminiscence be treated with much consideration.

MR. HENDRICKS is seven years older than he was when he accepted the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1876. This will account for his announcing "before any one asked him," that he was willing to take the second place on the ticket with Mr. TILDEN in 1884. Seven years ago Mr. HENDRICKS regarded himself as one of the very foremost of the leaders of the Democracy. He accepted the Vice-Presidential nomination with the greatest reluctance, because he thought the higher place was his by right. After the nomination he gave unto himself airs, and wanted to dictate the policy of the campaign, the wording of the letters of acceptance, but he encountered in TILDEN, a much stronger mind than his own, and was compelled to yield. Seven years however have come to Mr. HENDRICKS, as they have to many an imperious young beauty. He now frankly seeks what before he coquetted with, and pretended to have a positive aversion for. His bid for the nomination rather astonishes those who do not reflect how soon passeth away the day of the politician.

A WEARY Judge, a weary jury and an equally weary public are very grateful for the announcement that the Star Route case will be concluded next week. Mr. MERRICK finished his nine days' speech Friday last. The argument on the law points began on Monday, and it is expected that the case will be given to the jury to-day or to-morrow. Mr. MERRICK's effort is pronounced the most symmetrical, complete and convincing analysis of a case ever heard in the District Courts. The three strong points upon which he chiefly dwelt were the collusion between the contractors and Gen. BRADY, the refusal of DORSEY to produce his books and the energetic attempts to suppress the evidence of REDPATH. No honest and intelligent jury could resist the force of the argument by which he demonstrated the guilt of the accused. If there is a failure to agree it can only result from causes with which reason, law and justice have nothing to do.

ENGLISH people are at present considerably disturbed over the state of Queen VICTORIA'S health, which is said to be such as to cause grave apprehensions. She has terrible fits of depressions which have frightened the doctors who fear that she will at last become a confirmed invalid.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused by the rumors of the extensive use of poison by the Invincibles for the purpose of removing obnoxious persons. The police have been investigating the matter, though but little is said in regard to it. The case of JURY, the hotel-keeper, who died about two weeks after the Phœnix Park murders, is one where the authorities do not doubt poison was resorted to.

THE coronation ceremonies passed off without disturbance at Moscow, but it is said, the Nihilists took advantage of the absence of the police force to spread their doctrines in St. Petersburg and other centers of population. Some reforms have been begun, among which is the remission of the poll tax from the poorest portion of the peasantry after January next, while the tax on the rest will be reduced one half. A leading St. Petersburg paper says that none but a strong government, in which the Emperor shall hold the power, and his subjects meet him with loving confidence, can possibly advance towards a solution of the great problem of a reorganization of the country.

OUR commercial treaty with Turkey will end in March of next year, and notice to that effect has been given by the Porte to Gen. WALLACE, the United States Minister. After the termination of the treaty the importation of all American meats, lard, and similar produce will be prohibited. The Porte has virtually increased the duties on spirits by compelling their storage at Smyrna. It also maintains its demands relative to the storage of petroleum. Gen. WALLACE protests against these increases as arbitrary. The appointment of an American delegate to negotiate a new tariff has been requested, but none has yet been made.

PREPARATIONS for war between France and China still go on, those in the latter country being, it is said, upon a grand scale. China will, however, it is said, wait for France to undertake to establish water communication between Tonquin and Yun-Nan before she abandons her passive attitude.

THE codfish catch is said to be large this year. That is good news for the lover of this inhabitant of the sea.

ECONOMIC FUNDAMENTALISMS.

Why do farmers pay heavily to build roads and railroads?

Because they say they want to make it easier to get to market.

They require no one to tell them what experience has already demonstrated, to-wit, that every difficulty or obstacle they must surmount in getting their produce to the place of sale is a direct lessening of their profits upon it.

It matters not whether this difficulty be a quagmire of a road, or the length of distance to be traveled, or the number of hands it must pass through in order to reach the consumer, the effect is the same, —they all pare down the price the farmer eventually receives for what he has to sell.

In the '30's and 40's, farmers west of the Alleghanies were very glad to sell their wheat at 35 cents a bushel, corn at 8 and 10 cents, pork at 1 and 2 cents, etc. This produce was worth just as much in the market as it is now, but the cost of getting it to the people who wanted it left very little to the farmers who raised it.

It is this fact which induced farmers to pay what frequently rose as high as $8 or $10 on each of their acres to secure good turnpikes and railroads. And no improvements that they have put upon their farms have paid so well as the money they have expended in highways. Every year these return to the owners of the land near them advantages and profits equal to their entire cost of construction.

A Tariff is of precisely the same benefit as the improved highway or railroad. It is a means of bringing the consumer closer to the producer. It gives the farmer more for his labor and his produce, by bringing him into direct communication with the final buyer. What the farmer pays by reason of enhanced cost of a few articles of foreign make is an investment of exactly the same nature as the money paid out for a macadamized road or a railroad. It is money that will inevitably flow back into the pockets of the payer, through an enhancement of his own grains,

When we remember that in paying for the improvement of his own acres the farmer is also paying his share of the burden of supporting the Government—a share that he would have to pay in some way—the wisdom and efficiency of the Tariff policy hardly needs farther argument.

THE GREAT BRIDGE.

New York and Brooklyn people are agitated, as well they may be, over the question of allowing the descent from the new bridge to continue to be by the stairways or whether these shall not be taken away and inclined planes substituted. There is a strong feeling that the stairways are dangerous, that the terrible accident of last week would not have occurred had they not been there, and that the Bridge authorities should have them removed immediately before another panic arises and more people are crushed to death.

It does not seem as if there could be but one opinion in regard to the matter. It was a great blunder to so construct such a great highway, and now that its evil effects have been seen, there is but one thing to do—make such a terrible accident impossible again from the same causes. Six successive flights of stairs for a crowd of people to pass down is certain sometime to be an avenue of death. It is true that in Winter an inclined plane might at intervals be dangerous to individuals, but the chances are better even on an icy day, than down so many steps.

The interest in this matter is not simply confined to the two Cities of New York and Brooklyn. It concerns the whole country. New York is the great metropolis of the Nation. Hundreds and thousands are going there constantly from all the States of the Union, and one of the things sure to be done will be the crossing of the Great Bridge. It is, therefore, a matter of great importance to everybody that it should be put in the safest condition possible.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Notwithstanding the constant denials which have come from over the sea that Queen VICTORIA'S health is visibly failing and to such an extent as to cause serious alarm, there seems to be grounds for believing it to be the truth. It is now reported that the Princess BEATRICE will take her place at the official receptions this month and next, and this of itself shows that her condition mentally is very much changed, as she has always hitherto been particularly strenuous in maintaining every one of the outward signs of her position as supreme ruler of Great Britain. Since the accident, which is said to have led to the formation of an ulcer under the knee joint, and also since the death of her favorite servant, she has failed rapidly, and a species of melancholy has developed that may lead to her final abdication of the throne and the assuming of the kingly crown by the Prince of Wales.

This possibility brings up the question of the changes that will then be wrought. It does not appear that the easy going Prince would be hard to deal with, or that the present Government would have aught to fear, but his present position, that of one near to authority but absolutely without it, is very different from holding the scepter in his own hands. He may show himself possessed of qualities entirely undreamed of, and make a complete overturn of much that now seems stable and secure. Certainly there can be nothing more deadening to a man's faculties than the life which he has hitherto led, and to which he is condemned so long as his mother remains Queen of England.

FOR ways that are dark commend us to those people who get their living out of the ignorant and comparatively helpless by playing upon their credulity. A late dodge in New York was the sending by a firm of some 25 or 30 young women, English and Swedish immigrants, to Saratoga to take situations as servants represented as having been obtained for them. Each girl had paid a man claiming to be a member of the firm a sum of money for her boat and car fare and for registry. Arriving in Saratoga they found they had been hoaxed, and being penniless would have suffered had not good Samaritans taken care of them and found them good places.

THE spectacle of a frightened elephant dashing about the ring in the center of a crowded tent was one well-calculated to shake the nerves of a much more resolute assemblage than an average circus audience. BARNUM should accustom his elephants to the looks of Chicago people, so that they will not scare easily at the sight of them.

BUTLER AND HARVARD.

Careful as the BLADE is of the adjectives we are still constrained to remark that this has been a remarkably remarkable year. Each month has been filled as full of startling events as a kind grandmother's pudding is of plums, and since the first day of January it has been simply impossible, as the deprest father of triplets remarked, to tell what a day or a woman would bring forth. Nature apparently went into the show business, and ran a series of "unparaleled events" that laid over her usual performances as far as a six tent circus exceeds the primitive horse-drama of our sunny boyhood.

Her cyclones have been windier and more numerous, her floods deeper, and her rains wetter than ever before. She has bankrupted the Oldest Inhabitant by making present happenings discount the wildest flights of his senile imagination.

That brilliant class of geniuses, who like to give profound reasons that nobody can say are true or not, say that all this has been caused by the balance of power in the universe being disturbed by the four great planets coming into conjunction. Once in three or four centuries Saturn, Jubiter, Mars and Venus appear to weary of the countless millions of miles distance they usually maintain from one another, and long for a little more sociability. They go into a sort of informal caucus in one corner of the heavens, and then the elements make a playground of the earth. Men sympathize with the elemental disturbances, and at the period of such conjunctions there came wars, famine, pestilence, revolutions, murder of Kings, and similar materials for lively and thrilling history.

All proper-thinking Bostonians feel that nothing less than a disturbance which pervades the vast regions of interstellar space should accompany and sympathize with the momentous refusal of Harvard College to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Gov. BUTLER.

We, on this side of the Alleganies, do not feel as we properly should, the awful portentousness of this thing. In our minds the name of Harvard is most generally associated with unsuccessful rowing matches, and the hazing performances of callow young men, escaped too early from parental control. If any of us happen to know a man who has been authorized to write LL. D. after his name, it has never occurred to us that it made him any abler in scholarship or the professions, or helped him borrow money from a bank without indorsers.

But in Massachusetts a Harvard L. L. D. is regarded as having all the sovereign virtues ascribed by the ultra-orthodox to the sacrament of baptism. It can make a bad man good, and a good man so unutterably good, that all the labor left for the celestial authorities in converting him into an angel is to provide him with wings of first class description. In this way Harvard is supposed every year to take much care and work off the mind of the heavenly powers.

Harvard has always patronized the Governors of Massachusetts by bestowing an LL. D. upon them. This was regarded as an immense concession to popular suffrage. After the people had selected a man for their Chief Executive, Harvard ratified the choice, so to speak, and bestowed the degree upon him, as in Catholic and Greek countries the Church ratifies the succession to the throne in the name of Heaven by anointing the new potentate with sacred oil. It doubtless made everybody feel good, the people at having the approval of the eminent forcing bed of snobs and dilletanti, the Governor at being admitted into the society of the elect, and Harvard over the exercise of her potent rights.

The University has decided to punish BUTLER for his arrant demagoguery, by making him an "awful example." He will not be made an L. L. D. The whole New England world is "in a quiver" to see what will follow. Many men would much prefer being flung into the sea, to incurring such a fate as this, and the least BUTLER, as a true son of Massachusetts, can do, is to crawl off into the woods and die. But it would be just like him to do nothing of the kind.

The general verdict is that Harvard has made an idiot of herself. BUTLER, while an unconscionable demogog and a political charlatan, has done, as so active a man cannot help doing by accident and intention, a great deal of good in the course of his life. In intellectual force he is worth a half dozen at least of the average LL. D.'s of a University, of which it has been said, with too much truthfulness, has "not graduated a man in 50 years." When one recalls the intellectual fops and forceless *dilletanti* that form the bulk of Harvard's graduates, BUTLER is to be congratulated on having escaped association with them.

ALMOST A PANIC.

A fright in a school in New York, caused in the first place by so simple a thing as the buzzing of the insect known as the "devil's darning needle," which flew into the window of one of the primary class rooms, came near causing a scene similar to the one not long ago in a parochial school in that City. Some little girls, afraid of the insect, ran screaming to the door holding their hands over their ears. Other children, in derision, shouted fire, and the teachers being entirely unprepared for so much excitement on such small grounds, a regular stampede began, and was only checked by the order given by the principal to close the doors. At last by the greatest efforts and with the assistance of the police the panic was quieted and the children were dismissed from the school without harm to anyone. The affair shows how important it is for those who have charge of many little ones to be ever on the alert, calm and self-controlled in order to be ready for an emergency which may arise at any moment. It is always the fright, the frenzy of fear in times of danger that causes such frightful loss of life. Grown people as well as children, become wild with terror, and it is all the worse the greater the numbers, because they react upon each other from the beginning. The arrangements for escape in schools, as well as in every other place of public gathering, should be of the most perfect character, broad, well protected staircases, doors that swing outward, and a goodly number of them so that the building can be quickly emptied if the occasion arises.

One of the best gathering places for a multitude in this country, is the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. This will hold an audience of 14,000 people, and is so arranged that if necessary the building can be vacated in a few seconds by throwing open two of the sides, at least that is what seems to be done, the doors are so many and swing so readily. Of course, it is all upon the ground floor as every other place where crowds of people congregate, should be.

CO-EDUCATION.

The matter of the admission of women to a course of study in Columbia College in New York City, has been settled at last by the adoption of the report of Dr. MORGAN DIX, the Chairman of the Committee on the Education of Women, by the trustees of the institution. The report begins by acknowledging that the standard of women's education in the great metropolis is not as high as it should be, and after a discussion of the various plans to remedy the deficiency, the following is recommended: A four years course of study in the College, to be divided into two parts; the one necessary, and the other optional for the first two years. After that all of the studies are to be elective. A very strict examination to which no girl under 17 is to be admitted, is necessary for entrance. Passing this the student may study where she pleases, provided she presents herself at regular times to the College authorities for examination. At the close of any of the prescribed courses, or at the end of the fourth year, a certificate bearing the seal of the College will be given testifying to what has been accomplished, and is really equivalent to the degree given the male students. So opens the doors of one more of the time honored institutions of the world to women. The change in these things within a few years is something wonderful. Oxford and Cambridge, identified with the early history of Great Britain, and institutions of which every Englishman is heartily proud, have for some time had an arrangement similar to the one at Columbia College. And there are many others showing that co-education is rapidly gaining ground. Concerning its extension, Mrs. SARAH K. BOLTON says in the Cleveland *Leader:*

The system is constantly gaining ground, both at home and abroad, with good results. Of our 346 colleges, 180, or more than half, admit both sexes. At University College, London, with 1,050 students, about one-third women, the last report says: "The mixed classes work admirably, and there has been no complaint of any description as to what can no longer be called an experiment, but has now become one of the features of the institution." At Cambridge, England, the lectures of all or nearly all the university professors, about 30, are open to women. The Royal University of Ireland has just opened its examinations and degrees to women; also the University of Durham. Victor Emanuel, in 1876, threw open all the state universities to women equally with men. At Zurich, Switzerland, last year, there were 11 young women in medicine and nine in philosophy, with perhaps more at Berne and Geneva. The grand old university at Upsala, Sweden, has recently admitted women, and I was told by some of the Professors that the plan works very successfully. The University of St. Petersburg, Russia, had 175 women last year. The University of Belgium for the first time admitted a woman to the study of science in 1880. The Government Universities of Calcutta, Bombay, Queensland, New Zealand, and Australia admit women. The large Mason Science College at Birmingham has half as many women as men. They are also admitted to the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines at South Kensington. The King of Holland has been giving a $250 yearly scholarship from his private means to a young woman who has just graduated in medicine at Utrecht, Holland, the only one in a class of men who passed *cum laude.*

It is a curious thing that the movement admitting women into Columbia College should be headed by Dr. DIX, whose sermons during Lent upon the duties of women caused such a commotion. Perhaps the good Doctor did not make his position sufficiently clear to the average mind, but it did appear as if he thought woman's *only* place was at the home fire side, as it surely is the happiest one, if all things are well. His recent action certainly shows that he believes in her higher education, for he has helped swing open to her the doors of one of the most conservative institutions of the country.

THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.

The success of the Indian schools at Carlisle and Hampton give evidence that the education and civilization of the Indians are possible. Carlisle is devoted exclusively to the red children, while at Hampton there is a mixture of the red and the black, but both tell the same story. Carlisle, under the charge of Capt. PRATT and his accomplished wife, shows such good work, that those who believe that the true way to settle the Indian question is by educating and making responsible beings out of these wild savages, find themselves strengthened in this conviction, while Hampton, on a smaller scale, so far as the Indians are concerned, exhibits the same good results. Both show that the present way of settling Indian matters by war is much more costly than civilizing them, and teaching them how to support themselves by the labor of their own hands.

These schools are essentially training schools. The boys are taught trades as well as to read, write, etc., and the girls are taught things essential to making comfortable, civilized homes. Their teachers give assurance that they exhibit a capability for learning which is fully equal on the average to as many white children who have no better early surroundings. At the commencement at Hampton recently a Sioux girl recited WHITTIER'S "Bride of Pennacook" with wonderful fire and expression, while a Sioux boy gave an "original talk" as it was called, full of good sense and enthusiasm.

The good order which is so easily preserved in these schools, and which would put many white ones to shame, proves that the Indian can be made amenable to law, if made to know what is expected and that it is a necessity. Could this experiment, for such it has been called, be extended into a policy by the Government, the time would come in the not far distant future when Indian wars and border massacres would be only matters of history.

CERTAINLY CROOK is all right. He is not a headlong charger like CUSTER, who took great chances, trusted to courage and good luck to carry him through safely, but a calculating, scientific soldier such as THOMAS was, and also SHERIDAN. He is probably more like SHERIDAN in his methods than any other of the great Generals of the war. In reality SHERIDAN was a cool, methodical man, but when his plans were all perfected, and he had made abundant provision for every contingency, he executed with a terrific vim that carried everything before it, like a cyclone. CROOK, it will be found, has taken very few serious chances. He knew beforehand where he was going, and about what he would have to encounter, and he undoubtedly provided amply for both. When he gets through with the work he set out to do, it will be like SHERIDAN'S campaign in the Shenandoah, no one will ever have to go over it again.

THE "Progressive Dunkards" would seem to be a flagrant misnomer. The Dunkard is the most utterly unprogressive Christian that the sun shines on. If he could, he would place himself back to the condition of the first converts on the banks of the Jordan.

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this depar ment of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

J. C. D., Kempler, Ill.: Address S. D. Fisher, Springfield, Ill.

D. O. A., Ecorah, Ia.: Address James P. Terry, Olympia, Wash. Ter.

A. B. C., Allendale, N. Y.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

J. F., Mainville: Address Iron Publishing Co., No. 13 Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. Y. H., New Market, Tenn.: What is the date of the one cent coin for which there is a premium offered?

Those of 1799 are quoted at $5 and $10; of 1804, $2.50 and $4; of 1793, $1. These are all the dates for which premiums of consequence are offered.

Subscriber, Seymour, Iowa:

Of what nation was the Empress of Russia a subject before her marriage?

The present Emperor of Russia married, November 9, 1866, Maria Dagmar, daughter of King Christian IX. of Denmark. She is about 36 years old.

S. S. Brookville, Iowa:

1. Are 100-day men, that enlisted in 1864, entitled to any bounty from the Government? 2. What is meant by ad valorem in the tariff laws? 3. I see in your notes that you call our Congressman in the First Iowa District McCord. His name is McCodd.

1. We think not. 2. According to the value. 3. The compositor who made that mistake committed suicide the next day.

R. H. M., Delphos, O., writes: "In a recent issue R. E. E., Reading, Mich., asks, 'Was there ever a battle fought at the mouth of the great Kanawha, between the Indians and the white settlers, in which the commander of the whites, Gen. Arbuckle, was killed?' The battle of Point Pleasant was fought there during Dunmore's war, October 10, 1774. R. E. E. can get a plan of the battlefield and full particulars of the battle by sending his address to R. H. Martin, Box 97, Delphos, O."

F. C. D., Berkshire, O.:

1. Please give list of State officers of Minnesota, with salary. Also of Wisconsin.

1. Governor, $3,800; Lieutenant Governor, $600; Secretary of State, $1,800; Treasurer, $3,500; Auditor, $3,000; Attorney General, $2,000. The following are appointed by the Governor: Superintendent Public Instruction, $2,500; Adjutant General, $1,500; Public Examiner, $3,000; Insurance Commissioner, $2,000; Commissioner of Statistics, $2,000; Railroad Commissioner, $3,000; State Librarian, $2,000. 2. The taxes for all purposes, State, County and Town, have averaged 18.4 mills on the dollar, $1.84 on $100 No capitation or poll tax is levied.

F. T. S., Franklin Corner, Pa.:

What will keep insects from eating the corn when it is first planted?

Soaking the seed is practiced by many farmers. If tar is used it should be tar water, very thin. A better mixture is one pound of copperas and one pound of chloride of lime, dissolved in a bogshead of soft water or in that proportion. Put the seed in over night and commence planting the next morning, taking out the seed as fast as it is wanted, and roll it in lime, plaster, bone dust, or ashes. This prevents the ravages of birds and insects.

J. T. B., Missouri Valley, Ia.:

Please give description of the Hot Springs in Arkansas.

The town of Hot Springs is about 45 miles from Little Rock. It is built principally in the narrow valley of Hot Spring Creek, running north and south, and contains 10 or 12 hotels. In the vicinity is found valuable stone for hones and whetstones, of which considerable quantities are quarried. The springs (57 in number) issue from the west slope of Hot Spring mountain, vary in temperature from 93° to 150°, and discharge into the creek about 700,000 gallons a day. For full description, see "The Hot Springs As They Are," by Charles Cutter, Little Rock.

Cowboy, Yalva, Kan.:

Please tell me the difference between cast iron and malliable cast iron, such as a wrench.

The iron obtained by smelting the ore along with coke and a flux (either limestone or clay), and run into moulds, constitutes cast iron or pig iron. By the subsequent process of refining (puddling, moulding,) it is converted into soft iron or wrought iron. To distinguish wrought and cast iron from steel, produce a bright surface by polishing or filing, and apply a drop of nitric acid; allow it to remain for one or two minutes, and then wash it off with water. The spot will look a pale ashy gray on wrought iron, a brownish black on steel, a deep black on cast iron. It is the carbon present in various proportions which produces the difference in appearance.

B. W., Holden, Mo.:

Please give a recipe to make black pad ink for marking linen.

Dissolve 84 grains bichloride of copper in 30 grains distilled water, then add 10 grains common salt and 96 grains liquid ammonia. A solution of 30 grains hydrochlorate of aniline in 30 grains distilled water is then added to 20 grains of a solution of gum-arabic (containing two parts water, one part gum-arabic), and lastly 10 grains of glycerine. Four parts of the aniline solution thus prepared are mixed with one part of the copper solution. The liquid which results has a green appearance, but becomes black after a few days. It is advisable to mix the solutions together, only when the ink is to be used. It is perfectly indelible. The ink must be so limpid that it will permeate the tissue of the linen, so that the marks will appear on both sides.

L. P., Clearville, Pa.:

1. What was the hight of the tower of Babel? 2. Can news be sent around the world by telegraph? 3. Is W. M. Gillespie the author of "Gillespie's Land Surveying," living yet? 4. Euclid's work on geometry be obtained? If so, where?

1. The distinction of being a remnant of the Tower of Babel has been claimed for three different masses. Birs Nimrud, which has the majority of opinions in its favor, is of an oblong form, the total circumference being 762 yards. At the eastern side it is not more than 50 or 60 feet high, but on the western side it rises in a conical figure to the elevation of 198 feet; and on its summit is a solid pile of brick 37 feet high by 28 in breadth, diminishing in thickness to the top, which is broken and irregular. Some authorities assert its entire original hight was not over 156 feet. 2. No. 3. He died in New York in 1868. 4. Address Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York City.

J. T. V., Americus, Mo.:

What is the best soil for, and the best mode of propagating quince trees?

The quince produces the finest fruit when planted in a soft, moist soil, and rather shady or at least sheltered situation. It is generally propagated by layers, and also by cuttings, and approved sorts may be perpetuated by grafting. In propagating for stocks, nothing more is necessary than to remove the lower shoots from the layer, so as to preserve a clear stem as high as the graft; but for fruit-bearing trees, it is necessary to train the stem to a rod till it has attained four or five feet in hight and can support itself upright. When planted in an orchard, the trees may be placed 10 or 12 feet apart. The time of planting, the mode of bearing, and all the other particulars of culture, are the same as for the apple and pear. The chief pruning they require is to keep them free from suckers, and cut out decayed wood. The ground should be kept free from grass and weeds; and if the soil be poor, swine manure, chip dirt, or any other kinds of rich manure should be forked into the ground around the trees. If the soil be heavy, containing a large proportion of clay, let a load of sand or fine gravel be spread around each tree, or mingled with the earth before the trees are planted.

street opening and paving is going on rapidly. The day will soon come when all the west end of Long Island, including Brooklyn, Coney Island, Long Island City, Astoria and a dozen other villages will be parts and parcel of the Great Metropolis, in law, as they now are in fact.

SHALL WE HAVE HONEST PRIMARIES?

After many strenuous efforts from year to year, we have got a law to regulate primary elections. It is a good law; it is almost as severe in its regulations and punishments as the law regarding the actual election. False personation or the use of a false name, voting when one has not the right to do so, obstructing others, tampering with ballots, stuffing the boxes, false counting, etc., are misdemeanors. False swearing is flat forgery, and fines and penalties of the most formidable character are threatened upon the offenders. Primary elections are those "held by any political party, convention, organization, or association, or delegates therefrom, for the purpose of choosing candidates for office or the election of delegates to other conventions, or for the purpose of electing officers of any political party, organization, convention, or association." No person under 21 years of age, and no one not a citizen, can vote. Offenses against this act involve the possibility of a fine as high as $3,000 and imprisonment for not more than three years. The qualifications of voters are those prescribed by the associations or other bodies holding such elections. If this law should be enforced it would do much toward the selection of honest men as candidates for office; but 40 managers with whom I have conversed laugh at it, and say that the bosses and rings will go on as usual. I believe they are right. There is no such thing as a square primary election among political parties here, and there is little chance that there ever will be. Imagine John Kelly's heelers whacking up a really honest primary. The idea is preposterous. And it is about the same with the other parties.

PETER COOPER'S REST MONUMENT.

I have received much pleasure in looking over the 24th annual report of the Cooper Union for the advancement of science and art. The growth of this noble institution has been wonderful. In its first year (1861) 272 certificates were issued; last year 955—an increase of 250 per cent. Of the 955, the night classes had 778, the art schools 144, and the school of telegraphy 33. The accommodations of the Union are stretched to the utmost, and applicants for admission must now register a year in advance. Such a monument is immeasurably more honorable than marble or bronze.

HERE AND THERE.

The hot spell seems to have returned this (Saturday) morning.

Bridge travel is still very large, but there seems to be no great crowding.

Who ever tried to detain his companions by giving them the lotus to eat. Whoever ate of this fruit wished never again to depart nor to see his native country. This poetical idea is known also to the Arabs, who call it the "fruit of destiny," which is to be eaten in Paradise, and has been exquisitely wrought out by Tennyson in his poem "The Lotus-Eaters." What fruit was referred to by the ancients is not known, but numerous conjectures have been made by authors and travelers, and several widely different plants have been suggested as being the true lotus, no fewer than 11 to which the word is applied having been enumerated.

L. S., Mitchell, Dak.:

Please tell me what to put on metal to make it resemble gold.

To make gold plating powder, wash thoroly one-quarter ounce chloride of gold; then add it to a solution of two ounces cyanide of potassium in a pint of clean rain water; shake well, and let it stand till the chloride is dissolved. Add one pound prepared Spanish whiting, expose to the air till dry, and then put away in a tight vessel for use. To apply, make some gold plating powder into a paste with water, and rub it on the surface of the article with a piece of chamois skin or cotton flannel. The surface of the article should be thoroly cleansed before applying the plating powder. Metallic surfaces are gilt by rubbing on the following mixture: Terchloride of gold, 36 parts, and mix with a solution of cyanide of potassium, 60 parts, in pure water, 80 parts; shake well and set by for 15 minutes, then filter. This liquid is thickened with a powder composed of prepared chalk, 100 parts; cream of tarter, five parts.

P. J. R., Creston, Neb.:

What are the materials and process used in gilting the edges of a book?

The gold applied to the edges of books, etc., is in the same state as for various ornamental purposes, namely, an extremely thin leaf. Before the case or cover of the book is quite finished, the volume is struck forcibly against the back, so as to make the fore-edge flat instead of concave. It is then placed in a press, with the exposed edge uppermost. The edge is scraped smooth with a piece of steel, and is coated with a mixture of red chalk and water. The gold is blown out from small books, and spread on a leather cushion, where it is cut to the proper size by a smooth-edged knife. A camel's-hair pencil is dipped into white of egg mixed with water, and with this the partially dry edge of the book is moistened; the gold is then taken up on a tip brush, and applied to the moistened edge, to which it instantly adheres. When all the three edges have been gilted in this way, and allowed to remain a very few minutes, rub forcibly with a burnisher formed of a very smooth piece of hard stone, which gives the gold a high degree of polish.

E. T. H., Lennox, Iowa:

1. What per cent. of the people of the United States can neither read nor write? 2. When and by whom was the Bible translated into English?

1. Total number, 10 years and over, who cannot read, 4,923,451; total number (white and colored) who cannot write, 6,239,958. 2. The Psalms were translated into Saxon by Bishop Aldhem, about 706; and the Gospels by Bishop Egbert, about 721; the whole Bible by Bede, in the eighth century. English versions and editions—Manuscript paraphrase of the whole Bible at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, dated by Usher, 1290; versions (from the Vulgate) by Wickliffe and his followers, about 1380; Tyndale's version of Matthew and Mark, from the Greek, 1524; Miles Coverdale's version of the whole Bible, 1535, (ordered by Henry VIII. to be laid in the choir of every church, "for every man that would to look and read them"); Cranmer's Great Bible, 1539; Geneva Version, 1540; Archbishop Parker's, called the "Bishop's Bible," 1568; King James' Bible, translation began 1604, published 1611; Roman Catholic authorized version, New Testament, at Rheims, 1582, Old Testament, at Douay, 1609-10; authorized Jewish English version, 1851-61.

D. S. C., Beaver Creek, Neb.:

Where and for what purpose is the most powerful artificial light employed? Please describe it.

One of the most powerful artificial lights in existence is that employed for the great lighthouse at Souter Point, on the coast of England, near the mouth of the Tyne. Owing to the immense number of manufactures and the dense fogs at this part of the coast, the problem of the light house illumination required that such light should be secured as would penetrate where even the sunlight itself would fail. The electric light established at Souter Point after condensation is equal in power to 800,000 standard candles. The electric spark passes between slender pencils of carbon, which are themselves consumed at the rate of about one inch per hour. The electric current is generated by two rotary magneto-electric machines, driven by steam engines of six-horse power. The number of revolutions made by each machine is 400 per minute, and 12,800 sparks pass per minute when both machines are at work. These sparks are, of course, formed so rapidly that the eye does not separate them, and the result is an intense beam of light, so dazzling that the eye of the person within the lantern cannot rest upon them for an instant without intense pain. As observed from a distance of several miles, this light is so bright as to cast a well defined shadow upon the deck of a vessel.

T. R. O., Bergen, Wis.:

Will you furnish some information about the manufacture of cod-liver oil?

The process of producing the oil consists in first carefully washing the livers until every trace of gall and foreign matter is removed, after which they are placed, with a little water, in a specially contrived boiler, and heated to a temperature of 112°. The livers swell and finally burst, when the oil contained in them rises to the top, and is at once skimmed off. This portion of the operation must be performed in as short a time as possible, so that the oil may rise and be removed before the livers have time to break up and mingle with it. One cause of the offensive taste and smell that cod-liver oil sometimes exhibits is from the mingling of very minute pieces of the liver with the oil, which afterward putrify in it. After being skimmed off, the oil is boiled until the water is evaporated. The next operation is that of filtering, which is continued at least four times, the last filter being of the finest muslin, which extracts all traces of sediment. The resultant liquid, provided the livers were not more than 12 hours old, resembles Santerne wine in appearance, and is almost entirely devoid of color, taste and smell. The usual yield of oil is given as about one gallon to the quintal of livers. Owing to the low temperature at which the oil is extracted, 15 months is the longest time it will keep all the medicinal original flavor; after that liant chances of becoming a great question there is how they shall defeat Butler for a second term. This question appears to interest a portion of the Democratic party more than it does the Republican party, and there is actually some talk of a combination of the two to make such a result sure.

Telegrams received here this morning (Friday) from Ohio represents that confidence in the Republican State ticket is general throughout the State, and that the campaign will open with enthusiasm and be pushed with vigor. All accounts seem to agree in the improved chances of Judge Hoadley for the Democratic nomination, and that the contest is narrowing down to Hoadly and Ward. Mr. Geddes, who loomed up so strongly a few weeks ago, is now dropped out of sight.

The tide of immigration which is setting in so strongly towards this country appears to press more towards the Pacific coast than formerly. The steamers from San Francisco to Portland in Oregon are crowded, and the rich lands of Oregon and Washington bid fair to be called into use. Alaska, too, is attracting more attention and its vast fisheries and timber tracts are opening rich fields to emigration.

In my last it was casually observed that Washington, as yet, had had no Summer weather; but since then the program has been changed and there is quite a prospect, judging by the last few days, that July and August will be of the old sort. But the weather in New York was to-day hotter than in Washington.

This is a wonderful season for flowers, strawberries and small fruits. Never since the great review at the close of the war has there been so many roses. Very fine strawberries sell by the crate at five cents per quart, and the wild blackberry, which abounds around Washington, as well as the cultivated berry in its gardens, shows a very splendid bloom.

Our medical and law colleges are now having their commencements, and the number of young doctors and lawyers which they are turning out is fearful.

BUCKEYE.

ONE SUMMER'S DAY

From the Noise and Heat of Paris to the Quiet Delights of St. Maur.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

PARIS, May 24, 1883.

A hot, sultry day in latter May. Paris torrid and dusty. No rain for weeks. Every one panting with heat, and everyone praying for a shower to relieve the overburdened atmosphere, lay the stifling dust and cool the parched buildings. A whirl of half an hour through beautiful meadows, smoky Towns, cosy Villages and clumps of trees called woods, and the train stops at St. Maur. There is a great overgrown 'bus there waiting for the few passengers who descend. St. Maur is not a fashionable place and no one goes there. The old wagon lumbers for 1 mile through the park of the Town that sprang up around the station, on thro a country lane, and then draws up in front of a long, low, one-story building which serves the old Town as inn. It is a quaint old structure, a low portico running around three sides, its windows narrow and pointed, its doorways low and wide, and its deep-red bricks covered with a mass of creeping vines that hide its ugliness and make a picture of it. On the sides, great forest trees, gnarled and bent with age, throw their wide-spreading branches over a group of men and women and playing children. No beam of the sun could ever penetrate that shade, deep and cool. One feels as though he must throw himself on the luxuriant grass and go off into an everlasting dream of perfect content. There is

THE TYPICAL FRENCH LANDLADY

fair, fat and forty, decked out with her smart little lace cap, put well back on her mass of jet-black hair, and freshened up with tiny bows of cherry ribbons. Her sleeves some just above the elbow, showing an arm smooth and round, which her 40 odd years of wine and sirup serving have not been able to deprive of their dimples. Her gown, of some pretty stuff, figured roses on white background, is set off by the snowy white apron that reaches nearly to the bottom, just near enough not to hide the small, well-shaped feet and a tiny bit of bright crimson stocking. She laughs and chatters away, and makes every one feel perfectly comfortable, talking to her guests and at the same time giving orders to the bright-faced girls who are busy serving the *dejeuner*.

A MIDDAY BREAKFAST.

And such a midday breakfast. Its chief est charm is its simplicity, and the place and manner of serving. There is nothing elaborate about it. No display. The table linen not of the finest, but as white and spotless as the driven snow. The service not of Minton, but of scrupulous cleanliness, and as for a breakfast room, what more could be desired than the open air, soft and balmy, magnificent forest trees for a ceiling, a lovely landscape stretching off as far as the eye can reach for the walls, and for a floor a lawn as soft and beautiful as ever mortal trod.

The table is spread, and before each plate is placed a generous bottle of the ordinary wine of the country. It is not of an expensive vintage, but under these circumstances it tastes better than the finest Moselle ordinarily. The chatty serving maids bring on plates full of delicious French rolls, brown and crisp, with little pats of fresh creamery butter and crisp little radishes. This is followed by some preparation of eggs, gotten up no one knows how save a French cook to the manner born, and with the eggs tiny sausages, covered with a tomato sauce fine enough to tempt the appetite of an epicure. Then a substantial dish of roast, accompanied by new potatos, baked to a turn, and thanks to another sauce with a flavor more delicate, if possible, than the first. The simple meal comes to a fitting termination with a bit of cheese and a biscuit. Simple! Anything else would have been out of place.

QUIET ENJOYMENT.

Half an hour in a huge rustic arm chair, lost in the delights of a fragrant cigar, scarcely heeding the gambols of the youngsters, who chase each other about and roll and tumble over the grass with all the youthful disregard of broken toes and soiled clothes; barely hearing the quiet chatter of the women or the animated discussion of the men; thoughts far across the ocean, picturing the events that are happening in the far-off home circle. Such a half hour remains with one forever.

The gentle breeze that has sprung up wafts the strains of a village band, off on the green. It is twinkling the children are off. They know what that means. The older people talk a little while, and then they too succumb to the seductive charm of the half heard music, and gathering up their things they stroll quietly off in the direction whence the sound comes.

DANCING UNDER THE GREENWOOD.

A long walk past rows of irregular, homely houses, all more or less like the inn, brings the party to a large spot of green, where, under the trees, is a merry band of young people in the midst of a country dance. What was taken for a ball at the inn turns out to be only a couple of violins, a cornet, a clarionette and a double bass. But the artists who manipulate them play with energy, even if the music they produce has not that sweetness and purity of tone it had after having been borne a long way by the wind. If Strauss were there, directing his orchestra, the dancers could not enter into the spirit of the affair with more earnestness than they do, and they could not enjoy themselves more. They laugh and chatter, and forward and back, and cross over and swing with all the enthusiasm of their vivacious nature. They are homely sons and daughters of toil, these, but they enjoy to the fullest this happy, thoughtless afternoon in the open air. The bright sun, the green trees, the dismal scrapings of the energetic musicians, are to them better than the gilded salons of their neighbors in the Capital, whose spires and domes can be seen far across the valley.

Close by, a wide brook, its banks lined with trees whose drooping branches sweep the water's edge, invites a stroll. We wander along these banks, stopping here to pluck a wild flower, and there to admire the shadowy pictures made by the reflection of the leaves on the still dark water. Boating parties drop down with the sluggish current, some singing and laughing and chatting all sorts of nonsense. Others, these are almost always twos, sitting still and quiet, or if talking at all, using that soft low tone that makes love-tales ever sweeter.

Across the stream, for here it widens considerably, there is a gentle rise in the ground. The low meadow gives way to gently undulating highland, dotted here and there with clusters of young trees, beautiful and fresh in their new suits of green. We cross the old, picturesque bridge, built way, way back no one knows exactly when, and soon are in a large garden, filled with families, any quantity of children, soldiers, and young working men with their sweethearts

From this garden the view in every direction is full of quiet loveliness. It is not a scene of majestic grandeur, that appals while it compels admiration. Nor has it the wild, rugged picturesqueness that excites feelings of pleasure mingled with fear; but every where, there are swells and depressions grove, meadow and greensward, relieved by the bright white of the sandy road. The little stream, broken here and there with queer looking foot bridges, is finally lost off in the distance under the massive viaduct of a high railway bridge, the approaches of which stretch off on either side, on

though they would take in all the little stream and let none of the silvery water go beyond. As the sun sinks further and further in the west there comes over the scene, perfect in itself, a rosy hue that adds ten-fold to its beauty, and when finally the great crimson globe has entirely disappeared, there is that long, soft twilight, when all Nature seems to be preparing for the perfect rest of the coming night.

Half an hour later this wondrous dream is over. A creaky *fiacre* is whirling us with many a narrow escape from collision or overthrow through the noisy, glaring streets back to garish Paris. R. L.

MOUNT LOOKOUT,

A Correspondent's Visit to It.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Thinking a slight description of Lookout Mountain, Tenn., might be of interest to your many readers, I will endeavor to tell how it appeared to me. No doubt many that may read this have seen the mountain, but I write for the benefit of those who have not been so fortunate. I got on a street car in Chatanooga and rode out to the terminus of the line, which is within one mile of the mountain. Viewing the mountain from the City I didn't think it was much more of a mountain than many I had seen, but as I kept getting nearer and nearer, I would look up at it and think to myself that mountain is surely growing. There are two roads, the old and new. I went up the old one. It is very much steeper but a good deal nearer than the new.

As I was afoot I concluded I could climb it, but I found it pretty steep, though they drive up in buggies on both roads, but it isn't very safe, unless you have a trusty team on, by the old road, which is the shorter. It is two and a half miles to the top. I took a staff in each hand, and by the time I got to the top I was sweating pretty freely. Huge rocks as large as a barn are lying on either side of the road, look as if they tumbled off the mountain. Some are standing up on edge and look as though they could easily be pushed over, but they stand "as firm as a rock." I was much disappointed when I got on top, but agreeably so. I knew there was anything to see, but the grand view is magnificent from Point Lookout. You can see seven States, looking down into the beautiful valley at the foot of the mountain, all dotted over with farm houses. Then, casting your eye to the left, is the City of Chattanooga, on the banks of the beautiful Tennessee, which makes the famous seven-mile bend at this place, wending its way around through the mountains till lost to view. Then range after range of mountains meet the eye, presenting one of the most awe-inspiring and sublime scenes to be had anywhere.

There are a good many living on the mountain, and there are also three fine hotels on the summit. On the ground of one hotel there are six different kinds of water. Among them are freestone, limestone and chalybeate. Other points of interest are Grand View, Buzzard's Roost, Saddle-rock, Sentinel Rocks and Rock City. But the grandest view of all, I think, is at Lake Lula, seven miles below Point Lookout.

After getting through the gorge of rocks the water seems so glad to be free again, and it makes the fearful leap of 115 feet perpendicularly into the abyss below and rushes on down the mountain in a swift race to the waters of the Tennessee. There is a pathway leading down the side of the mountain to the river below the falls. The rock projects out quite a distance, affording a large cover to go back under the falls, as the water does not fall in a continuous sheet, but in a silver-like spray. 'Tis a beautiful sight to behold, and should you be fortunate enough to be there at 10 o'clock in the morning, with the sun shining, you would have the pleasure of beholding a beautiful rainbow in the waters beneath.

Lake Lula is on Rock Creek, which is a small stream on the mountain. The first falls are just above the lake, and are not perpendicular, but are at an angle of about 45°; the water falls about 20 feet, emptying into the lake, which contains about one acre, and is walled in with rock 6 feet high. No bottom has ever yet been found to the lake. On the west side of the lake, between Grand Falls and the Lake, is Grand Arch, which is at least 200 feet long by 50 feet high, with a neat room on the north end, called Goat House, large enough for an ice cream parlor. For a distance of 200 yards below the lake the beautiful water comes splashing, dashing and crashing around, and between huge rocks, as large as a barn, which are tumbled promiscously into the bed of the creek.

It is a lovely sight when, at the foot of the falls, to cast your eyes heavenward and behold the towering cliffs, 300 feet high lined with beautiful mountain flowers, the rhodalendron with its gaudy red flower as large as a tin cup, and ivy with its large clusters of almost pure white and variegated flowers, and also the yellow jasmine, white mountain ash and wild magnolia with its beautiful bloom filling the air with sweet perfume, together with seven kinds of ferns hanging in the crevices of the rock, form one grand, beautiful bouquet with the rocks and woods for a background. C.

Pension Laws.

To the Editor of the Blade:

I wish to call your attention to a hardship in existing laws in the matter of allowances to soldiers of the war. According to acts of Congress, all honorably discharged soldiers receive credit for the time they served in securing a homestead, etc., and thereby are greatly benefited and their interests advanced. This is a great advantage to farmers and those who are willing to isolate themselves from mankind and live on the frontier, but as all the soldiers are not farmers nor frontiersmen, it is only a comparatively small number who are benefited by this act.

Now, is it fair and just to thus legislate in the interest of a class? and should not Congress, in simple justice, provide that soldiers who are situated that they can not receive this benefit should be proportionately compensated?

J. F. BARTHOLF,
Formerly Capt. 66th N. Y. V. I. and 2d U. S. C. I.

A Good Farming Country.

MONTGOMERY CO., KS., May 28.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I hope you will give me space for a good word for our part of Kansas. I don't wish to cry up or down any particular section. In coming to Kansas, as in going elsewhere, it is a good deal in the man. If he has pluck and perseverence and a disposition to work, he will succeed. But for the man who is constitutionally lazy, (born tired, as the boys used to say) Kansas, or any other State for that matter, is a hard place in which to make a living.

I have farmed here in this County seven years, and have met with no serious drawbacks in all that time. I have had a fair yield of wheat and good corn each year, and vegetables and fruits in abundance. Cattle do well here, and hogs exceptionally so. I have heard of no cholera in the County since I lived here. People are mostly out of debt, and good substantial improvements are to be seen on every hand. It looks to me as though this portion of Kansas is a farming country and a good one too.

J. H. NORRIS.

New Castle, Pa.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

NEW CASTLE, June 5.

New Castle is a very pleasant town, notwithstanding the smoke and soot which arise from its principal industry. It has grown rapidly within a few years. Among many new buildings that have been erected is a magnificent station which is an ornament in architecture, and adds much to the appearance of the Town. The iron works and rolling mills are doing good work. Business is prospering. Quite a contrast to the dull outlook of four and five years ago. New Castle boasts of celebrities, and however true that may be, it is certain that there are many intelligent and wealthy families here, with their list of honorable and straightforward business men. C.

THE PRAIRIE FLOWER AND LENI LEOTI, by Emerson Bennett, are both published in one large square duodecimo volume, paper cover, uniform with "Nana," and "L'Assommoir," price 75 cents and will be found for sale by all booksellers, by all News Agents every where, and on all Railroad Trains, or copies will be sent to any one, post-paid, on remitting the price in a letter to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Attention is called to the advertisement of "Boys Missing." The afflicted parents will be grateful for any information as to their missing children.

They Hit It Again.

Whoever it was, he will enjoy learning that the 156th Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery occurred on Tuesday, May 29th, as follows: Ticket No. 71,189, sold as a whole for $5 to wealthy Cuban at Havana, drew the first capital prize of $75,000. No. 41,385, sold to a New Yorker as a whole, drew the second prize, $25,000. No. 25,453 drew the third capital prize, $10,000, and was sold in fifths, at $1 each, to Messrs. Jas. J. Hillian, Brownsville, Jones and Hamilton, Caldwell, Texas; to Mr. Sam. Jones, of Los Angeles Cal.; Mr. F. Schumacher, of Allentown, Lehigh Co., Pa. Nos. 10,729 and 31,305 drew each the fourth capital, $5,000 — sold in fifths at $1 each—among others to Henry Eshbrook, southwest corner 10th and Market sts., St. Louis, Mo.; J. F. Albert, 614 Locust street, same city; two fifths collected by Messrs. C. R. Richard & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City, for a party in San Francisco, Cal. Many winners among those who purchased $20,000 in prizes drawn these same days. The next drawing occurs Tuesday, July 10, and R. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., will furnish any desired information on application.

"Rex Magnus"

(THE MIGHTY KING.)

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVATIVE.

Perfect in Work, Safe and Harmless, Economical.

DOES ALL THAT IS CLAIMED.

Rex Magnus is a perfect food preservative, and the only one ever discovered by man, which embodies at the same time healthfulness, cheapness, certainty of results, and general adaptability for the wants of all mankind. This preservative is, as its name signifies, a mighty king, a royal preservative, an invincible conqueror.

The Discoverer—A Benefactor.

This field has long demanded a combination and unifying, blending and happy harmonizing of elements, affinities and forces, which has been heretofore unobtained. Men have sought for it in all ages, and in all countries—and they have uniformly failed. Prof. E. Humiston has achieved what like Morse, Franklin, Fulton and others in their respective fields, the man and the only one, who was destined to wear the proud title of discoverer of this preparation and of a benefactor of his race.

35 DAYS TEST.

REX MAGNUS has kept Twenty-three kinds of Meats and other Food thirty-five days in a warm room (average 70°) and here is the testimony of the eminent scientific gentleman who had exclusive control of the experiment in his private laboratory, viz.: PROF. SAMUEL W. JOHNSON, OF YALE COLLEGE.

The Professor's report, dated March 7, '83, says:

"My tests of 35 days in daily mean temperature of 70°, on meats, &c., bought in open market have certainly been severe and I am satisfied that the different brands of Rex Magnus, The Humiston Food Preservative, with which I have experimented, have accomplished all claimed for them. So far as I have yet gone they are RELIABLE in all conditions that are effective, and at the same time practicable, for domestic use. At the banquet on Washington's birthday, Mount Hope, Ill., I could not distinguish between those which had been sixteen days in my laboratory and those newly taken from the refrigerator. The latter, to-day, are perfectly palatable and fresh to my taste, and better, as it happened, than those served at the same time, which had been taken from the egg shell. The roast beef, steak, chicken, turkey and quail, were all as good as I have ever eaten."

Rev. Magnus is safe, decisive, brave, and Prof. Johnsons adds in his report. "I should anticipate no ill results from its use and consider it no more harmless than common salt, 1879.

Thousands of equally conclusive experiments in all parts of the country have brought the same good results.

Time Is Conquered.

It is an unquestioned fact that all flesh food is improved by keeping, and as "Rex Magnus" will do this if not once, then a thousand times, it is for every family a necessity, a fact self-marked.

Cream Kept Fifty-nine Days.

No fear of muggy days or bad weather after this. It is equally good in any climate. Cream has been kept up in Iowa and returned to me fifty-nine days after and in Switzerland fifty-nine days after in perfect condition, it works equally well with all kinds of milk.

A Trial Will Prove It.

In these days of bombastical essays, some persons may call in question the statements made in reference to "Rex Magnus," and the wonderful results and benefits accomplished by its use. Our answer to all such persons as this, viz: It will do all that is claimed for it, and a trial will prove this statement.

It must not be compared with the worthless deceptions which have preceded it. It succeeds where all others have failed.

How to Get It.

A trifling expenditure on your part will establish this fact to your entire satisfaction. You do not have to buy a County right, nor a costly recipe; we sell neither the one nor the other.

Samples Mailed Postpaid.

We do offer, however, to supply you—in case your grocer, druggist, or general store keeper hasn't it on hand—with any brand of "Rex Magnus" which you may select, at the following list of the price. We will prepay postage charges on sample packages, except Aqua-Vitae and Anti Ferment which are put up in bottles. The several brands and their respective uses and functions are herewith mentioned, to which we refer you. It will not do to use for anything else than designated, as long experience proves it to be necessary for different combinations.)

Brands and Prices.

"Viandine" for preserving meats, fish and game, 50 cts. per b.

"Ocean Wave" for preserving oysters, clams, lobsters, &c., 50 cts. per b.

"Pearl" for preserving cream, $1 per b.

"Snow Flake" for preserving milk, cheese and butter, 50 cts. per b.

"Queen" for preserving eggs, $1 per b.

"Aqua-Vitae" for preserving fluid extracts, without alcohol, &c., $1 per b.

"Anti Ferment" "Anti Fly" and "Anti-Mould" are explained by their names. 50 cts. per b.

Improves Food.

Every article of food treated by "Rex Magnus" remains perfectly sweet, natural in flavor, ripens, and indeed is enhanced in value by the effects of this king of preservative agents.

It is Tasteless and Harmless.

Banquets in New Haven, Ct., Boston, Mass., and Chicago, Ill., have been held, at which food, treated and saved as Prof. Johnson treated his 35 articles of food, were served. Those public demonstrations of the wonderful effects of this preparation were uniformly applauded by the invited and distinguished guests, who were present from every branch and walk of domestic and private life, and embraced men of national and international fame.

Wins Applause.

The press of the country applaud the results; the people at large, both in this and every other country, need "Rex Magnus," and, better still, it is within the reach of every one, at a price.

Fresh food in all seasons and climate, has heretofore been a luxury for the wealthy alone. Now, every one may enjoy it, by using "Rex Magnus." Send for a package and test it yourself. In writing for it, give your name, State, County and mention the brand desired. Send money order or by registered letter. Mention this paper.

The Humiston Food Preserving Co.,
72 KILBY ST., BOSTON, MASS.

For Sale in Chicago by Sprague, Warner & Co., wholesale grocers. Van Schaack, Stevenson & Co., wholesale druggists.

THE POPE'S CIRCULAR.

Errington in Disgrace for Making Public What was Intended to be Kept Secret.

BOSTON, June 9.—A correspondent of the Post cables the following from Rome:

"The Pope to-day refused to receive Errington who asked an audience. This may indicate a complete change in the Irish policy. Errington is in absolute disgrace with the Vatican. The recent letter from the Pope to the Irish Bishops, it is said, was intended to be secret. Errington had a copy before the Irish Bishops received theirs. He communicated it to the English, and the party in Rome, which has been very influential at the Vatican, is in dismay at the Pope's emphatic refusal to give audience to Errington. It is reported Errington will leave Rome for England."

Nickerson's Divorce Annulled.

PHILADELPHIA, June 9.—The Court of Common Pleas to-day annulled the decree of divorce obtained by Maj. Nickerson, on the ground it was obtained by fraud, dismissed the libel and imposed the payment of all costs upon the libellant.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The General of the Army directed Gen. Drum to issue papers for the immediate arrest of Maj. Nickerson, preparatory to his being tried by court martial, on charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman. The papers were issued this afternoon and a messenger dispatched at once to serve them upon him. It is thought, however, there will be difficulty in finding him, as it is the general impression he has left for parts unknown.

"The Great Lottery War."

A greedy, unscrupulous, grasping, monopoly of a Lottery Company, instead of giving ticket holders a chance to win a prize, is spending their money in paying newspapers throughout the United States for advertising mean, untruthful articles aimed to injure the Great Commonwealth Distribution Co., of Ky. The Commonwealth Co. is above such practices to secure business, and prefers to obtain patronage by honorable means and by honestly conducting their business. The American people love fair play and will pay no attention to such lies emanating from such a source, but will, as usual, send their orders for tickets for the next popular monthly drawing in Louisville, Ky., June 30th, 1883. $30,000 for $2; $12,000 in prizes. Tickets $2 each; half tickets $1. Address R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

Guiteau's Sister.

CHICAGO, June 9.—Frances M. Scoville, sister of Charles Guiteau, who was divorced from her husband, George Sc

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XXIX.

THE TEETH.

And now for the teeth, upon which so much of not only the comfort but the pleasures of life depend, which add to or detract in so large a measure from the beauty of a face. Many of my readers have passed hours of agony with a decaying tooth, and suffered tortures in having it filled or extracted. They have wondered why these necessary evils could not have been made in a way to last as long as the life of their possessor endured. Truth to tell so they were. The trouble lies in the disobedience to Nature's laws which has caused derangements of the system that have extended to the teeth. Yes, I know you are tired of bearing about Nature's laws, but they are so constantly ignored by the majority of people that it is necessary to talk of them in season and out of season. If you keep your stomach constantly sour with decomposing, half-digested food, your teeth will inevitably begin to decay and there is no help for it. When you find black spots upon them—the beginning of the end—go to work and by dieting and common sense care get the digestive organs in good order, and you will have some chance of preserving your teeth.

A large proportion of the substance of these organs for mastication is phosphate of lime, which gives them hardness, durability and firmness. When they exhibit a tendency to crumble, it is because of a lack of this substance which should be supplied by a diet into which it enters largely. In case of children and grown persons too, who are fond of milk, a teaspoonful of lime water to a tumblerful, will give the necessary lime, and prevent the milk from souring upon the stomach. Parents should watch children's first teeth very closely to see that any lack in this direction is supplied before the second come.

The teeth contain three different materials. The first called dentine, composes the body of the tooth, and is made up of about 72 per cent. of bony matter and 28 per cent. of organic substance. In the center is what is called the pulp cavity containing the pulp, a soft substance that has blood vessels and nerves, and is the only part of the tooth that is so supplied. This is the source of the ache that drives humanity almost insane at times. Outside of the dentine in the fang of the tooth is the second part called *crusta petrosa*, which is a thin layer of bony tissue serving to hold it more firmly in its socket. The way in which that is accomplished I shall not stop to describe, altho it is another one of Nature's ingenious methods of working. The third part is the enamel which covers the crown of the tooth, and it is of the care to be taken of this of which I want to speak now.

It is the hardest of the tissues, containing 95 per cent. of bony material, but for all that it is possible to crack it, and then the mischief is done, for the dentine exposed to the air will soon decay. Certain substances will also turn the enamel black, and when this takes place there is no repair. They will have to go looking dark and dirty as long as they last, whether that be a few years or many. To prevent the first trouble, avoid exposing them to the extremes of heat and cold. Very hot tea, or very cold water are both injurious. Do not crack nuts or bite anything very hard, as that sometimes cracks the enamel as well as the article. To avoid the second take no strong medicines whose properties you do not understand thoroly. I need not tell the women not to use tobacco, which sometimes discolors the teeth.

It hardly seems necessary to say that they should be thoroly cleaned once a day and washed off after each meal, and yet the conditions that I have seen prevailing in the mouths of women who called themselves neat and well bred tells me that all do not appreciate this necessity. Persons who wash their hands several times a day do not seem to think it needful to bestow a similar attention upon the teeth. A clean, well kept mouth is an important part of womanly attractions, besides being necessary for health.

The best dentifrice is pure soft water. A little willow charcoal, finely pulverized, occasionally used, makes the teeth white and sweet. Mix a third part of powdered orris root with it, and this renders the breath fragrant, unless there be a counteracting sour smell from the stomach. There are things good for the teeth, but use none that you know nothing of. Your dentist is the best one to consult in the matter. When the gums bleed or seem soft and flabby get equal parts of powdered myrrh and Peruvian bark, mix thoroly and use as a tooth powder when you brush your teeth. If the bitter taste of the bark is too unpleasant put in a little orris root, or use the myrrh alone, altho the mixture is much better. This is a simple but most efficacious remedy for soft and bleeding gums.

Never permit decayed teeth to remain in the mouth. The moment you discover a cavity have it filled if possible; if not let it be extracted immediately. A rotting piece of bone does not impart a pleasant odor to the breath nor does it conduce to the health.

To be sure that your teeth are in good order it is well to go to your dentist as often as once in six months—once in three is better—and have them carefully examined, the tartar cleaned off that is sure to gather just above the gums and in the crevices between them, and the cavities, if there are any, filled. Should you live too far from a dentist's to make this possible you must do as well as you can by daily brushing, and keep the tartar off by getting some powdered pumice, and with the flat end of a small pine stick dipped in it when wet, rub the teeth carefully next to the gums. But on no account let them go so long, when decayed, as to run the risk of losing them entirely. Nothing, not the finest set that was ever made, can take the place of the natural ones, even though the latter be irregular and homely. Young people sometimes fancy that it would be a nice thing to change off their own defective collection which grew awry for a nice even set, but unless advised by the physician for the benefit of their health, it is a foolish thing to do, as they will find to their cost.

One word right here, in closing, to parents: In nine cases out of 10 it is your fault if your children grow up with crowded, irregular teeth. Watch them closely, and as fast as the first teeth loosen have them pulled out. If any of the second set come in crookedly, have a good dentist straighten them while the jaw is yielding. An even, handsome set of teeth is greatly to be desired, and could be had much oftener than they are, if parents were only watchful, and took the necessary measures.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Hand Screen.—Get a wire frame, cover one side with satin, scarlet or black. If you like to take the trouble this may be embroidered, or a pretty design painted. Cut the other side of black paper muslin and sew duck feathers, or those of any wild birds, evenly over it, making them come over the edge like a fringe. Fasten a silk cord and tassel around the handle.

An Umbrella Case.—Cut from felt or any heavy material a piece about the length of an ordinary umbrella, and eight inches broad. Beginning four inches from the top, slope each side downward to the bottom, leaving that three inches or a little more across. Cut the top part to a point. Then take another piece of felt the same shape, except considerably broader, with the top cut straight across, instead of pointing upward from the place where the back began to slope. Stitch this down the edges, and in the middle so as to form two pockets. Put a bright colored braid over the stitching, and bind the tops and bottoms with the same. Have a loop at the top to hang it up by. The pockets must be just large enough for the umbrellas to slip in, but narrow enough at the bottom to prevent their slipping through. This may be made as fancy as you please by embroidering the pockets. It will be found a very convenient receptacle for nice umbrellas.

Painting on Satin.—In answer to "Grandmother," in regard to water-color painting on satin. I have painted considerable on both silk and satin, and think I know how. With a small piece I tack it onto a board covered with cambric. I sometimes use gum water in mixing my paint, but if only water is used the work is much finer and more delicate. Care needs to be taken or your color will run. Gum-water prevents that, but your work is made glossy and stiff.

Dissolve one oz of gum-arabic in ¼ pt of warm soft water, put in bottle, shake occasionally, and if it gets stringy and thick, add a little water, and strain.

Sketch your design very delicately with a brush, as a pencil mark is apt to show. Take something small at first, a spray of apple blossom, buds and leaves, for instance, as they are in bloom and it is so much easier to paint directly from nature. Use No. 1 table brush, as each stroke must be very fine. In painting the leaves take a No. 4 brush and wash in outline. This makes a foundation. Then paint it. Do not try to paint *across* your satin, but have your stroke lengthwise. Use satin that has no cotton in it, as the colors are not as bright.

I take it for granted, "Grandmother," that you understand the use of water-colors. If not, I will write to you, telling as near as possible by letter, how to proceed. It would take too much space in the HOUSEHOLD. I have never had any instruction in water-colors on satin or silk. I have picked up my knowledge.

In oils, rub the back of your satin with magnesia. I should like to tell the young lady about painting on felt, velvet and plush, but it is impossible, for the Kensington must be taught in class. It is very easy, and can be learned in one afternoon by one who has never held a brush.

"Bridal Rose," I am much interested in your letters, but do not agree with you on some things.—GIPSY.

Knitted Lace.—For "Miss E. Crifts."—Cast on 10 stitches and knit across plain. First row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 1—tto 2—n—tto 2—n; 2d row—k 2—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 3d row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 3—tto 2—n—tto 2—n—k 1; 4th row—k 2—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 3—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 5th row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 5—tto 2—n—tto 2—n—k 1; 6th row—k 2—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 5—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 7th row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 7—tto 2—n—tto 2—n—k 1; 8th row—k 2—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 7—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 9th row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 14; 10th row—k 2—bind one over the other and continue until 10 remain—k 5—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. This makes very pretty trimming when knitted of No. 30 cotton; and for flannel skirts knit out of white or cream knitting silk. One of silk, No. 200, makes three yards and three inches of the above pattern.—MYRTLE.

Correspondence.

TOWN BOYS VS. COUNTRY LADS.—In May 17, I noticed "A Case" touched briefly the subject of Town vs. Country, half as if he were afraid to venture an opinion contrary to that of "Minnie," half as if he were secretly inclined to agree with her. But I do not care to lecture "A Case" on his short comings, I only wish, as Horace Greeley said, to "free my mind" and give "Minnie" and her allies the benefit of my experience in regard to City and Country. I have lived in both places and with the excellent opportunities I have had for studying each class of people, I think that I know whereof I speak.

Why, I should like to know, are the highest positions in the land filled by "country boys" if, as "Minnie" says, "town boys" are the "brightest?" What does "Minnie" mean by "brightest" anyway? If to dress "nobby," talk loud and slangy, make "mashes," smoke, drink, gamble and carouse, constitute "brightness" then I will willingly concede the point. Not that I do not believe there are noble, highminded and intelligent town-bred young men, but I have found them to be exceptions to the general rule, and I have observed too, that they seek a country wife in almost every instance.

Should "Minnie" visit our town she would find as refined, intelligent and handsome specimens of young manhood as ever "blessed the eyes of a country lass." But she would find too that they are students and in nine cases out of ten they are country born and bred.

The "dude" and "masher" who hold themselves far above the industrious, honest, sadfast young men whom they contemptuously dub "country jakes" or "moss backs," are excellent representatives of town life and training. That "town boys" have better advantages and opportunities for improvement and refinement than "country boys" is an indisputable fact, and that they compare favorably with their country brethren is a fact to be deplored. "Yorick," shake hands. You have my sympathy.—SWEET WILLIAM.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?—May I pour out some of my grievances and heart-bitterness in the HOUSEHOLD, and will the members listen, and then after hearing and thinking about it, give me their opinion and advice?

Husband and I are a middle-aged pair; we were married and went to work barehanded, but we had tolerably good health, and with economy and perseverence and a big amount of hard labor, we have conquered poverty and gotten a good farm of 170 acres, unincumbered, and a good house, barn, granaries, and a good amount of personal property also unincumbered. We have also raised a family of five children. What think you—that the wife has been a helpmeet, or a hindrance and pull-back?

But that is not the cause of complaint, for we have shared alike the bitter and sweet, or, at least, I have, and enjoyed myself thinking of better times coming; but now, that we might take comfort, it seems as though all the gall and wormwood of bitterness is boiled up. We can't agree or live peaceably any more and I know not why. Do you think there is some foreign element at work to impress me and mine, or does the evil one sometimes enter the human as he did the swine of old, to make havoc and destroy?

A few years ago his father's estate was settled, and there was not much for him, as there was a large family for it to be divided among; but he took the money and helped to buy furniture for our house. Later my father's estate has been settled, and there was but a few hundred dollars coming to me, as that, too, had to be divided with a lot of brothers and sisters; but, however, I had more than he did from home. Now, I wished to put that few hundred at interest, or have the privilege of using it for myself and children, as I liked, but he (my husband) wouldn't allow that; he takes it and uses it as he likes. Now, what think you, friends?—what would you do in such a case? Please tell me what to do, and how would you like such a performance? But the worst of it all is husband swore at me because I didn't want him to have the money.—ILL-USED READER.

ADVICE TO "DISCOURAGED."—I read in the HOUSEHOLD department "Discouraged's" distress, and as I am more than four times as old as she is, I feel sure I can give her some counsel that will do her good, if followed.

Now, dear "Discouraged," remember that a firm conviction that it is our kind Heavenly Father's hand that marks the path his child must tread, and that all His providences toward us work together for our good, will sweeten every case, and whatever trials rise in our pathway, the thought that he placed them there should hush each repining thought. Now, altho your parents are sometimes cross, I have no doubt but deep down in their hearts exists an undying love for you, their child, and they would willingly make more sacrifices for your happiness than any other persons living. I commend you for refusing to associate with a person that uses intoxicating drinks, even moderately. Be firm as the adamantine rock at that point.

I am glad that you "cannot bear the thought of leaving home." To do so without the consent and warm parental love of your father and mother, would be a very dangerous step. "Honor thy father and mother." "Seek first the Kingdom of God." Then spend your leisure time in studying some pursuit that will make you more useful and more independent, and you will be much more likely to attract the attention of the sensible and worthy young men than by taking exquisite pains to adorn your person. Now tell your parents and let your deportment attest your sincerity, that it is your desire to cheerfully obey them in all things not in conflict with your conscience, and perhaps when you show your willingness to please them, they will relax much of that restraint which you now feel so keenly.—COUNSEL.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES.—If Mrs. Tod wants more historical romances she should get Harrison Ainsworth's three works, "Old St. Paul's," "Tower of London," and "Windsor Castle." I too have seen, more than once, the block and ax, used in executing, not only Catherine Howard, but Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and others; and later, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, whose murder, for such it was, will be ever a blot on the memory of good Queen Bess. Poor Mary! The last stanza of a poem written on the seven principal events of her life is, I think, so full of pathos, I will give it if I may. If it can't be inserted it costs only my trouble. I dare say it is new to most of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD. I learned it 50 years ago and have never happened to meet with the book since. I entirely forget who was the author, but should like very much to know.

The scene was changed. Beside the block the
sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad ax in his hand, that soon
must drip with blood.
With slow and stately step there came a lady
through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the hearts and
touched the lips of all.
Rich were the sable robes she wore. Her white
veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung a cross—that
cross she loved so well.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted
was its bloom;
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering
for the tomb.
I knew those tresses, almost grey—once threads
of living gold;
I knew that bounding step of grace, that
symmetry of mold.
Even now I see her far away, in that calm Convent's Isle;
I hear her sing her vesper hymn, I mark her
holy smile.
Alas the change! She placed her foot upon a
triple throne.
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the
block—alone.
Her little dog is with her now—the last of all the
crowd,
Who summed themselves beneath her smile,
around her footsteps bowed;
Her neck is bared, the blow is struck, the soul
has passed away,
And now the bright, the beautiful, is a bleeding
piece of clay.
The dog is moaning piteously, and as it gurgles
o'er,
Laps the warm blood, that trickling falls unheeded to the floor.
The blood of Beauty, Wealth and Power, the
heart-blood of a Queen,
The noblest of the Stuart line, the fairest earth
has seen.
Lapped by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and
alone.
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories
of a throne.

—F. H. P., Eskridge, Wabaunsee Co., Kas.

CHICKENS ON THE FARM.—I find that poultry journals are not of great practical benefit to the farmer, as they involve too much expense and time to make farm poultry profitable, and they are, as a rule, published more in the interest of breeders and fanciers than of the masses. Should any of my readers desire to go into poultry raising and breeding as an exclusive business, this is not for them.

A clipping in your last issue from the *Country Gentleman* on "gaps" induces me now to speak of the management of young chicks. This ramming a rough timothy-head straw down the windpipe of a small chick is certainly "heroic treatment," and if it does not kill the worms it will the chick. The chances are, first, that the end of the straw will break off in the windpipe, and second, that you will so irritate the windpipe as to cause acute inflammation. If that gentleman would take a hair from a horse's tail and double it, inserting the doubled end into the windpipe, the risk of leaving any part in the windpipe is avoided. But the best plan is to not have any "gaps" about your chicks. Of thousands of chickens raised in the last 10 years, I have not had a single case of "gaps."

I will give you the secret of treating young chicks. Never allow them to be exposed to the cold winds, or wet, not even dews early in the morning, feed coarse corn meal dough regularly three times a day, give pure water and take of sulphur, jamaica ginger and capsicum, equal parts, mix thoroughly and put this in dough in the proportion of one large tablespoonful to one quart of dough, and give a feed of this at least once a week, and if the weather is wet and cool, or your chicks get wet, feed it as often as twice a week. Thus you stimulate their system, they keep healthy, grow rapidly and resist all kinds of disease. If their roosting quarters get foul or impure, take one fluid ounce of sulphuric acid to one gallon of water, and thus prepare enough water to thoroughly sprinkle their quarters. Do this in the morning when the chicks are all out. If the above rules are adhered to your chicks will not be "gapy."

I now use portable coops, made of common plastering laths, four feet long, by two feet wide. One end is made of a box one foot wide and two feet long. This box should have a good cover on it, but arranged so part of the cover is moveable and can be taken off. The box must also have a door opening into the coop, which is to be closed at night with a sliding shutter. Every night my chickens are all shut up tight and safe from storms, rats, cats, etc. If it is a rainy morning or a heavy dew, they are fed in the box and remain there until the weather is suitable for them to go at large. I know the chicks object to being shut up after daylight, but no matter, they must submit. In the morning I can take a coop, chicks and all and carry it to any desired location, to secure sheltered localities or fresh pasture for the chicks. Now you have your nose turned up and say, who wants to go to all of that trouble and expense? Let me stop you right there, and say that if you are not willing to help your wife or daughter they can make no money with chickens.

If chickens are cooped as I have described it is a great saving of time. You do not have to run all over the farm to hunt them in case of a rain storm, or find them all piled up drowned after a storm, and they are not roosting about the barn or outbuildings the prey of rats, weasels, etc. The material for a coop will cost about 20 cents, and it can be made in 30 minutes. The coop, if put in the dry when not wanted will last five or six years.

I will tell you about profits, etc., next time.—W. M. ECKEY.

WHY!—In looking over the contents of the HOUSEHOLD, my eyes fell upon the article, "Some Facts," which pleased me very much. I think "Desiderio" gave a splendid description of woman's nature. I wish to say to "Doc," how can these social kissing parties animalize a man? That's the question. I don't think the women are aware that they have any such influence over you strong minded men; and another thing, your thoughts can't be of the very purest, or you would not express yourself in such a way. Why do you frequent those places if your sentiments be true? I wish you would explain why kissing parties are of such a nature and convince us girls of the wrong it does and let the world know of it. I think we might love you men something of a better nature than a brute, if we knew what course to follow in our social gatherings. I like to be charitable toward all, but I think from your sentiments in the HOUSEHOLD it will make but little difference with you, whether with the exceptions or the socials.—DISCONTENTED, David City, Neb.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—"Ex-Teacher" sees no harm in dancing for teachers. But natives of Oregon think dif ferently. They are peculiarly organized; the cause—climate and scenery. For instance, our never-ending mists and drenching rains have a cleansing property, while the view of Mount Hood, with her everlasting mantle of white, emblem of purity, says "be pure," and the blue of the distant mountain ranges echo, "be true." The fiery sunset skies represent war, and seemingly say, "defend your rights," and though our political record does not show these colors, is, in fact, what it should be, yet the natural surroundings are such as would make "Puritan Fathers," should occasion require.

But why multiply words on the subject? Not one of the fraternity but that knows a teacher should not attend dances except on Friday night. "Fledgling" shows plainly he has chosen the right name. And now, that the subject is being agitated, let us give it a good airing. If the methods of teaching are so much superior to those of 50 years ago, why does the press all over our land, and even Europe, deplore the evil effects of not only the school-room, but the present method of teaching? Not a leading journal but that is against the so-called "higher education," especially at public expense.

From the fact that the advocates of our present school system are so sure they have reached the goal and so ably defend at whatever point assailed, it is seemingly useless to offer amendments or suggestions. At most we can but agitate the subject. Our school system is so vast now in its proportions, reaches so high, so far and wide, delves so deep in the mysteries of the past and future—the original design, namely, education of the masses, is almost lost. The many books required and frequent change in the same, the excessive drain on time and means, closes the door to the poor, and few but the wealthy or well-to-do avail themselves of its privileges. Instead of a foundation practical in its results, ours is a surface system and impractical. "Education in its highest sense does not consist in the amount of knowledge one has at any given time attained, but in the power which he possesses to get at that knowledge at any given time when it is needed." Thus it is shown that it is not by books alone that man perfects himself, but by work, by action. Men and women whom the world knows, loves and honors, are not the silent book-worms, but persons of action. Theirs were not lives of aimless research. Each one early in life decided upon a purpose, and *worked to that point*. They came forth mighty in power, untrammeled by sickly crowding and broken health. They had that bubbling over in life which gives and strengthens, even as the sunshine. The strong, magnetic *physique* was not lacking. Under our present system hundreds yearly leave our schools, mental and physical wrecks. The cause, too great mental pressure and want of physical training. Eminent physicians assert that much of the increase of insanity in Germany, is due to the excessive amount of work imposed upon its pupils in the National schools. May not the same be said of our American schools?

Many of the rules and regulations of the public school, are in direct opposition to health, the stress being too great, mentally and physically. Physicians attribute "Bright's disease" and many other nervous affections as the effects of these "tortures of the school-room." Patrons should find the "mean between extremes," and never forget that in this broad America of ours, the people rule; also, that "in every life there is a fertile space, in which might be planted the fruit trees of truth, the lightened principle and virtuous habits, which, growing up, would yield to old age and enjoyment a glory and shade." Especial attention should be given the education of our daughters, for upon them rests the holy care of wife and mother of the future. Her sphere is boundless. Her power never dies, but goes on and on, until it is felt throughout eternity. She is educator always. And our greatest need perhaps is educated mothers, our next, occupation. As Beecher would have it, "the work that fills you is your salvation. The educated community with nothing to do, is dangerous." "To be above work is the pride of many ease-loving men and women, and to be idle is the ambition of not a few Americans, whose education has been barely sufficient to make them believe that idleness and gentility are allied." Effects of the surface system, their education is not thoro, and just enough to ruin them for this work-a-day life of ours. Now you of the fraternal band of teachers, this is a voice from Oregon. Less machinery and more good solid work in the school room would be acceptable to—OREGON HOUSEKEEPER.

SEVERAL THINGS.—"Gem," in last week's BLADE, informs us that "Spring is come"; but Winter has crowded her aside long enough to make his farewell bow and leave a memento in the shape of blighted flowers and frosted vegetables. Those poor sufferers who are afflicted with rheumatism have also endured great pain during his brief sojourn. Thinking that perhaps some, among the many readers of the HOUSEHOLD, know a remedy for this painful disease, I thought I would write in behalf of my husband, hoping you will respond if you know a cure. Sciatica is the kind he is troubled with and he has tried various remedies and found but temporary relief. Please answer as soon as possible.

I would say to "Mrs. Snow," if rice is cooked in a porcelain or granite iron kettle, and cooked slowly, stirring occasionally, little trouble will be experienced cleaning the vessel. A nice way to cook rice is to put it in a dish, cover with milk and steam till done. The grains will be large and white, much nicer than they can be had by boiling. For a change, cook with the rice a handful of dried currants, prunes or other fruit. Is hop tea any way injurious?—ELLA.

GOOD THINGS TO KNOW.—Somebody wanted to know what kind of a covering to make for a six months old baby's head. Get some inserting, narrow lace, and pale blue silk to line it with, and make it a hood. First cut a pattern for the baby's head, making it rather too large so as to draw up at the back, then whip the inserting together, keeping it on the pattern so you need not waste any; now take a round piece of paper, about three inches in diameter, and whip inserting to it this, then trim it off with the lace, make two rows across the front to give it a frilled look. Line it and sew the round piece on the back, then you will need about 1½ yards of narrow blue ribbon for the strings and bow on the top.

Another way to make a pretty hood is to get half a yard of Victoria lawn and cut a hood in just the shape of the old fashioned night caps. Make a wide ruffle and tuck it with three or four tucks, then trim it with narrow lace and put around the hood a little full in front. This is to have strings and bow of the same goods as the hood, then take a piece and tuck it and cut round. Trim this with lace and sew on the back. Both of these are pretty and easily made and cost very little.

A person in Marengo, O., wanted to know how to keep eggs for Winter shipping. Grease the eggs with salty grease and set them on end in a box in a cool place. They will keep very nice this way, or you can pack them in salt.

If Mrs. Todd will get "diamond gilt" and gild her frames over they will look like new. She can get it at any drug store and I think the price is 10 cents.

"Justice" can get a package of "Diamond Dyes," any color. It will not fade and is a great deal cheaper than to buy the material to color with. The directions are on the packages. Price 10 cents at any drug store.

"Gretta" should trim her hair every new moon and she will have no trouble with it splitting. To strengthen the hair dilute an ounce of borax and an ounce of camphor in two quarts of water and wash the hair thoroly twice a week. It will quickly grow long and even.

"Retta," the best thing I have ever found to fasten shells on is linseed oil, boiled, and Spanish whitening. Mix in a paste and spread on the wood. Give it plenty of time to dry. This is very good.

Here is a recipe for preserving asparagus: "Take away the white part and boil the remainder for three minutes with salt and butter. Then take it out and put in cold water for an hour. Drain thoroly and put in jars with a little salt, a lemon cut in slices, and water and vinegar in equal parts, and cover with melted butter.—"CORAL BRANCH."

Inquiries.

May I ask as a favor that you will publish a notice of the death of Miss Ella Tompkins, of Lasalle, N. Y., April 14? She was sometimes a contributor to your paper, always interested in the home department, and sent numbers of it to different addresses in several States and Territories. Her numerous friends, subscribers to the BLADE, will be interested in this record.—T.

Will some reader who has had mocking birds, tell me how to take care of them, and what to feed them? I would also like to learn how to treat some Cape Jessamine plants that have been sent to me from the South.—ILLINOIS SUBSCRIBER, Hinckley, Ill.

Will "Wife of a Good Husband" please give me the address of the "Chicago Exchange for Woman's Work" again?—S. K., Joy, Ill.

Please tell me how to kill fleas.—FLORA.

Will someone give some pretty patterns for knitting double mittens?—KATIE.

I would like a rule for preserving fruit and making jelly, and how to proportion the fruit and sugar or the juice and sugar.—BELLA, Etna, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

Can anyone tell me a recipe for coloring cotton goods red and green?—KITTY ASHBAUGH, Woodstock, Minn.

I would like directions for crocheting a worsted shawl in a pretty pattern.—CALIFORNIA, Chinese Camp, Cal.

Will someone inform me how to destroy or banish the little black or red ants that bother us so much during the Summer season?—MARY, Green Ridge, Mo.

Would someone tell me how to make lambrequins out of goods, and what kind of goods would be the nicest for cheap ones? I have not the time to make the crochet ones.—MRS. W. B. H.

Will someone send a remedy for quinsy, and also one for dropsy?—VINCENT, Newton, Wis.

Will someone send directions for crochet lace, and also how to crochet baby boots?—PUG.

Will someone tell me how to make beeswax?—MARY, Big Rapids, Mich.

Will "Cricket" give the number or date of the BLADE that contains "Alcyone's" letter about feeding babies artificially, or will she repeat directions briefly?—SYNDON.

Will someone send the riddle of the Goosequill pen? All that I can remember of it is, "They tore me from my mother's side."—KATE.

Does anyone know of a music book, that is printed with the "seven shapes" instead of sound notes, and where one could be had? Why do teachers of vocal music insist on having sound notes, when the seven shapes would be so much more readily learned by beginners?—A CONSTANT READER.

Where can I get sheet wax in assorted colors to make flowers of, and the cake for fruit? What is the price per box? Where can I get the paints used in painting them? Where is the cheapest place to get zephyr to make flowers?—D. M. L. A. B.

1. Any keeper of a paint and oil shop can tell you. 2. Send to a large fancy store for prices.—ED.

Would someone tell me how to curl ostrich feathers when they get straight, and how to treat plants, such as geraniums and fuchias and the like? How shall I water to fertilize and enrich the earth so as to bring them along fast?

Answers to Inquiries.

I see "Little Bridget" wants to know why her cake falls and is not white. The reason it falls is because she does not put flour enough in to make it stiff enough to hold up when baked. The reason it is not white is that she does not give long enough beats. Do not give a quick, short beat, but a long stir round the pan and you will see in three or four stirs it will begin to look white, and if you will follow this plan I will insure you your cake will not fall or be dark. I took the premium at the Indiana Fair for three years on cake.—Mrs. W. E. H.

A lady requested someone to tell her how to plant peanuts and care for them, and as I have planted the nuts, I will tell her how I did with mine. Make up hills as you would for watermelons, and put two kernels in each hill. When they come up large enough to hoe take the dirt and place it in the center of the plant and keep all covered but the leaves and then every stem in the Fall will be full of peanuts, and you will be surprised to see the amount you will have on one vine or hill. Keep them covered with dirt this way all the time and report in the Fall what success you have had.—MRS. W. B. H.

I think if "Beryl Grening" will soak her feet in hot water, not hot enough to burn, and scrape with a knife and rub with spirits of turpentine before going to bed, that it will cure them. Soak every other night.—DIPPER.

I would say to "Mrs. L. B. A." that God will lighten her heart if she will put her trust in Him. I, too, lost my little boy last Fall, and it was the greatest trial of my life; but God has been a great comfort to me in my great affliction. One in sympathy—I. M. D.

"Stocking" gave a problem in arithmetic. The following solution is believed to be correct:

63,360 divided by 3.1,416=20,164 plus.

Sq. root of 20,164=142 diameter of wheel, 142x3.1,416=446 plus cir. of wheel,

63,360 divided by 446=142, number of revolutions.

Hence 142 ins. diam. size of wheel.

—OLD SOCKS.

The way I took the red mites from my Canary birds was to throw a white cloth over the cage every night and take it off very early in the morning, before light, and touch their feathers a little with lamp oil.—J. E. DUVALL, Jamestown, Pa.

If she who signs herself "Aunt Emma" will send stamp and address I will send her some "wild cucumber seed," altho they must be planted in the Fall. The blossoms are very fragrant, and remind us Western people of "Spring-time" and our old orchards at home.—MRS. R. E. ENGLAND, Denver, Col., box 1,820.

Please tell "Retta," who asks "How to fasten shells on wood," to get putty, color it with dry powders black, brown, or lighter tints, according to the color of the shells used, spreading it evenly and sufficiently thick to imbed the shells so they will stick well, spreading no more each time than she can fill in with shells, and when the whole is done varnish well, and her work will be a success.—"JAY."

Will you please give me, in your Weekly BLADE, your opinion in regard to the leading knitting machines manufactured, and which you think is best? What is your opinion of the Twombly knitting machine, manufactured in Boston, Mass? I have written once before.—MRS. B. F. MOORE.

We cannot give a free advertisement to any knitting machine, by expressing an opinion in regard to its merits, or allowing anyone to do so in the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Would it be proper for a young lady to receive Christmas presents, or any other presents from a young gentleman friend? If not, in what manner would it be proper to return them? Please name the best instructor for a new beginner in music and where it can be obtained.—RUTH.

It is not proper to receive expensive presents from one who is simply a friend, but no harm is done by accepting such trifles as a book, confectionary, flowers, etc.

Ask your music teacher what instructor to get.—ED.

What is the plural of the word "Tense?"

Is it wrong to keep company with two young men at once?

Is it improper for a young lady to invite a gentleman to remain at her home over night, he being a dozen miles from home, and there being a brother of the young lady of about his age?

Is it a disgrace to a young lady to keep the company of a young man whose mother was not married when he was born; he being every way honorable and respected, having a good education, a fine musician, good looking, nice appearing, and with a good position in society, and lastly no bad habits and perfectly honest and in every way a model young man?—MISS NELLIE SMITH.

1. Tenses.

2. Certainly, if by "keeping company" you mean accepting from both attentions which are plainly expected to lead to matrimony.

3. Not in the least.

4. We do not know what would be the result in the community in which you live, but our opinion is quickly stated. If we liked an estimable young man, such as you describe, we should not care a rush for what anybody said. You should have independence enough anyway to see what is right and just without listening to idle talk.—ED.

Can the editor give a preparation to gild without gold on articles of brass, and will it be lasting? What do jewelers use to color their trinkets?—MARION W., Litchfield, Mich.

We do not know of anything to gild without gold, unless it is is with what is known as Dutch metal, and how that will work upon brass we do not know. This process is as follows: Prepare the article to be gilt, with a preparation of oil size, on which lay pieces of Dutch metal cut into the requisite shape, as soon as the size is set enough so that it will not smear. Press close with a roller covered with flannel, and brush the same as gold leaf, being careful to brush with the overlap. White Dutch metal flowed over with shellac spirit varnish colored with gamboge makes a good, cheap and durable substitute for gold leaf.

2. Too indefinite.—ED.

Recipes.

To Cook Rice.—I noticed a request for a recipe for cooking rice. I cook mine as follows: Put the rice in a tin basin and cover with cold water, and then put in an oven to bake. Add more cold water as it swells, and do not stir it or it will stick on the bottom of the dish. When done, serve with sugar and cream, or if you wish, make a custard and stir in the cooked rice and bake.—MRS. ADA E. WOODIN, Pioneer, Mich.

Cure for Scald Head.—Make an ointment of 2 parts butter without salt, and 1 part best pine tar, and simmer together and skim till clear. Wash the head with castile soap and then apply the ointment, repeating every morning and evening, always using a clean, fresh rag. "Tired Mother" must drink freely of tea made of yellow-dock and dandelion roots. Give it freely to the child.—S. W. PETRIE, Avon Lake Shore, Lorain Co., O.

Goiter or Swollen Neck.—Get 15 cents worth of iodine and a brush to put it on with. Put the iodine on the swelling once a day, until it begins to get very sore and then stop for two or three days. Commence again and continue in this way until the swelling is all gone. This is a recipe from a doctor who has practiced for 50 years with success.—MRS. W. B. H.

Diarrhea.—If the following is used according to directions it will cure: 1 dr. subnitrate of bismuth, ½ dr chinchona yellow powder, 1 dr vegetable charcoal. Mix thoroughly. Dose, 5 grs. or ½ teaspoonful every hour until three or four are taken, and then stop for three or four hours afterwards repeating.—DICK.

I have suffered terribly with piles and could find no relief, but had heard that carrying a buckeye in the pocket was a sure cure. I had no faith in it but concluded to try it, and have not been troubled since.—DICK.

White Cake.—Take the white of 12 eggs, 3 heaped cupfuls of coffee-sugar, 1 cupful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 3 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, ½ cupful sweet cream and 3 large cupfuls of flour. Set in stove half an hour to raise. Bake 1 hour.—KITTIE.

Marble Cake.—Light Part—One-half cupful of white sugar, ½ cupful of butter; ½ cupful of sweet milk, 2½ cupfuls of flour, the whites of 4 eggs, and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Dark Part—Brown sugar, 1 cupful; molasses, ½ cupful; butter, ½ cupful; flour, 2½ cupfuls; yolks of 4 eggs; sweet milk, ½ cupful; 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; 1 small teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg. This makes a fine layer cake, with two layers of dark and two layers of light, or it can be doubled and seeded raisins added to the dark part, and it will make a fruit-cake.—FANNIE.

To Wash Clothes.—I have used this recipe a year. One box of concentrated lye, 2 ozs. of ammonia, and 1 oz. salts of tartar. Dissolve the lye and tartar in a gallon of soft boiling water, and when cool add the ammonia. Cork tight. I soak my clothes over night in warm suds and in the morning rub out lightly, and put in the boiler with plenty of soap, a teacupful of the fluid, and boil, stirring thoroly. I don't think you will find many streaks when you use suds on them.—A READER.

To Dye Hair.—"Josie" wished to know how to color brown hair very dark. Get a yard of dark brown calico, boil in a little water till the color has come out, then into this water dip the hair, and take it out and dry it, repeating the operation until it shall be the required depth of shade.—NINA B., Eagle Village, Wyoming Co., N. Y.

Johnny Cake.—One pt. flour, 1 pt. of meal, 1 cupful sugar, 5 tablespoonfuls melted lard, buttermilk to make a stiff batter and enough soda to make the buttermilk foam when stirred.—J. C.

Cure for Earache.—Take a grain of black pepper, put into a thin cloth (old muslin will do) then tie with a thread, close to the pepper grain. Saturate in sweet oil and put in the ear. This will give immediate relief. I know from experience.—WEBFOOT, W. T.

Burns or Scalds.—Bathe with strong alum water.—MRS. M. J. C.

To Cure Tainted Lard.—Melt in iron pot and slice into it three or four potatos. Let it boil till the potatos are brown. That will cleanse and sweeten it if anything will.—S. H. P.

Lemon Pie.—Cut off the small end of 1 lemon, take a knife and scrape out all the juice and pulp in a bowl; then put in 1 cupful of sugar, the yolks of 2 eggs, 1 spoonful of flour and 1 cupful of cold water, beating it well before putting in the water; bake with two crusts.

To Take the Scum off a Horse's Eye.—My uncle has tried this and says it is good. Take 4 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of black pepper, 1 tablespoonful of lard;

The Farm.

In connection with our editorial invitation to our readers to ask questions, answer them, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written only in and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with business letters. The full name and address must be in all cases accompany the communication.

More About Incubators.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I notice that "Constant Reader" asks directions for making and using an incubator in number of April 29, and that "D. D." condemns their use and gives his experience with the "Common Sense," April 26, in the Blade Farm. I read a description of a barrel incubator not long ago, which I thought would do very well when one only wanted to hatch a few at a time. As my experience differs considerably from the "D. D's." with your permission I will give it for the benefit of "Constant Reader," and any others, who like myself, may have been long so far an incubator.

I raised poultry for the New York market for several years, sometimes having 600 or more hatched under hens in one season, but it was very hard work, a great waste of eggs, and a sore test of patience, for I know of no more contrary biped than a setting hen unless it is a man. I had interviewed Mr. Hain, of Dayton, O., N. Y., and learned from him that his incubator was a complete success under his own management, as I could myself see by the way it shelled out the chicks at the State Fair, and that it only required, I think, 15 or 20 minutes care each day, but he said he had sold them to persons who did not succeed with them, and it seems to be the general testimony that more depends upon careful management than upon the kind of incubator you have, provided, of course, that you have one which copies nature's methods. I know that some of the papers are very bitter against Mr. Hain for what they term his free advertising, dodge and I do not wish to justify anything that is not right, but the attention of the public being called to the "Common Sense" Incubator in the way it was, it seemed a favor to me, as I should probably never have noticed an ordinary advertisement, and I presume it was the same with many others, who, like myself, had long been wishing for something of the kind, without feeling just ready to spare the $75 or $100 needful to purchase a patent one. I suppose the article to which "D. D." refers was the same which I saw, I think, in the Blade, and, like him, I wrote to Mr. Bain and received directions for making the Common Sense Incubator, free. Having most of the needful materials on hand, my daughter's husband made one, with only the cash outlay for pipes and nails. Wishing to make sure of success in the management, I sent $2 for book of directions, etc., before lighting the lamps. If I had had the book in the first place, as "D. D." did, I should never have attempted doing anything with it, as Mr. Bain's experience given therein would have discouraged me altogether, as he says the first four times he filled an incubator he only raised one chicken, using a different incubator each time, so that he could not say it was the fault of any particular one, but as I had the incubator and eggs on hand, I concluded to light the lamps and do the best I could. I think "D. D." must have had an unusual development of a bump which Fowler locates in the upper back of the head, or he would not have thought of filling his incubator with eggs at from 50 cents to $2 for a trial trip, after reading Mr. Bain's experience. If he had half the patience of a setting hen, perhaps he might have brought out a chicken or two, but he has no business to condemn the incubator, and talk about being caught, when he had not perseverence enough to last him two weeks, unless he thought they were going to hatch double quick because they were provided with a "D. D." We had eggs of both ducks and chickens, that cost us over $3 a dozen, to be hatched when we were trying the incubator, but I gave them to good motherly Light Brahmas to hatch. It was rather late in the season and our object was more to test the machine and to be ready to use it successfully early this Spring, than to bring out a large number of chicks then, and it did not keep an exact account, but should have done, as I thought of giving my experience for the benefit of others. One egg drawer did not slide as smoothly or fit as snug as it would if made by a first class cabinet maker, but I did not blame Mr. Bain or his directions for that, altho I think it made considerable difference in the hatching. The only difference that my experience would lend me to suggest in the directions, would be to make the drawer half an inch wider and have it so arranged that the ends could be reversed each day, when taken out to air the eggs, as those in the back part of the drawer hatched much better than those in front. I put in about 200 eggs, rather more than half from our own hens and the rest purchased from a neighbor, and some of them not as fresh as desirable. I took out about 50 or more, at testing time, some of which should have been left in, but the most were good to use. Fully as many of those in the back part of the drawer hatched as they usually do under a hen from a like number of eggs, and they kept coming until my daughter thought I was going to get more than she wanted to take care of, and when her husband emptied the drawer he said the remaining eggs all contained chicks in various stages of development. It took about five gallons of oil to keep the lamps going.—Aunt Delia.

The Chess Question.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I have been reading with some interest the arguments or theorizing of different writers in the Blade on the subject of "Chess" in our Fall or Winter grain, but have found nothing touching the true cause or origin of it. Let me then first ask and answer one question. Why do we never find it in our spring grains, except when the Spring crop follows a Fall or Winter crop of grain? Answer, Because it is not a perfect grain, and can seldom or never reproduce its own kind. I know chess will sprout and even grow a quite luxurious crop of blades, but have never known one instance of its reproducing a grain of chess; if it ever has, it is an exception and not the rule, like the miles of Spalding Smith in the Town of Wilton, Me., but I have no instances of their reproducing. Now for the proof and how I tested it. In 1880 I moved from Franklin County, Me., to this State, being about 50 years old; and within the first two years I frequently heard my neighbors and some others living in other settlements complain of their Winter wheat being frozen out and turned to cheat, as they called it. I felt like laughing then to scorn, for I did not believe hairs could turn to snakes, or snakes to fish, or any one kind of the animal or vegetable creation could turn to another kind. But being much younger than most of them, I only modestly but earnestly argued its impossibility. But finding so many intelligent, well educated men contending that its freezing out turned it to chess, and sowing on new ground that was clean and never before sowed to any crop, and knowing the seed to be clean from chess, and knowing there could be no foul seed in the land I was perfectly puzzled to account how it could be that more than half the stools where it was exposed to hard freezing by the snow blowing off, headed out chess.

I was in a new settlement of nine families, and six miles from it was another small settlement. The first of September I rode over to the other settlement. When I got half way—about three miles—I stopped and spoiled up a strip 2x10 feet and planted 12 grains of wheat about equal distance. It all came up, and grew well. Then in December I covered it with straw, held down with rails on the edges. Then in the last of March I uncovered it. It all looked nice, and equally good. I then took a long, sharp knife, and running it under the side, cut the main root of every alternate stool, and when it headed out every one I cut was a luxurious growth of chess, while the others were a beautiful stand of wheat. And, farther, the same year I planted the 12 grains of wheat in a field I had had a field of oats on the year before. Before breaking I harrowed in without cross-plowing, and as the Spring was dry, only what fell in the cracks between the furrows, came up; till late rains came, so the main crop was not ripe till the first shelled off before harvesting, and the early Fall rains started a heavy crop of green oats, and as the end of the breaking extended some rods past my line fence, I did not cross it till in the Fall, and having a favorable Winter, the Spring found that strip apparently a beautiful piece of Winter oats; but disappointment is the lot of mankind. We had a severe late freeze, and it all headed out chess. And as that strip remained without tilling, the next Spring found it covered with a green coat of chess greatly dwarfed, but not a head could I find upon it throughout the Summer. The chess from the oats is a longer and slimmer grain than that from wheat. As for rye, I cannot say about it, having never tested it, but believe the same cause which turns wheat and oats would transmogrify or turn it to chess, also. But I consider the above an incontestible test and proof that both wheat and oats can be and are turned to chess by having the main root severed or broken by the frost heaving the surface when the lower extremity is fast in frozen ground.

Now, Mr. Editor, as my experience differs so entirely from any other writers on the subject in the Blade, I would like to hear from them if they are not of my theory, and if I am not correct let them convince me. I wish to ever stand open to conviction, and that all interested in raising grain may know the truth respecting chess.—A. Swift Dean, Marseilles, Ill.

Value of Cow Peas.

An experienced farmer thus writes, in a private letter to Gov. Norman J. Colman, of Missouri, in regard to an article on cow peas in *Colman's Rural World*: "What you call cow peas are abundantly raised here, but are called stock peas, for all manner of stock eat and thrive upon them. For horses peas serve both the place of hay and corn, and they will grow fat and do work fed on nothing but pea hay. There's nothing better for milch cows, producing the largest quantity of the richest milk. They are better than corn and hay both for beef cattle. As a pasture for hogs nothing can excel the pea-field. While the pea-pods are just yellowing and not yet dry, and peas in a ripened green state, they form a fine dish for the dinner-table. The poorest, most exhausted land will produce fine peas. They do best for hay on medium land. On rich land they produce too much vine.

In this latitude, Southwestern Kansas, the peas are sowed broadcast from May 29 to June 20. Like all other crops, the preparation of the land has much to do with their growth. Keep the land clear of weeds by occasional plowing until, say, the first of June, then break the land well, harrow and sow the peas broadcast, one bushel to the acre, then put them in with a very light plowing and harrow and log—so they are gotten under the ground, it matters not how. For hay the bunch pea is preferred, because it is more easily gathered, as it stands up and does not run on the ground like the vine pea. When ripe, and before the pea is dry enough to shell easily, they are cut with a scythe or a mower, and are raked, dried and kept as other hay, care being taken not to put them in large heaps until thoroughly dried.

"The vine pea is better where the land is to be pastured. The vine sometimes grows 40 feet in length. The amount per acre produced is simply immense. The speckled or whippoorwill pea is always a bunch pea. There is also a black pea which is a bunch pea. All black peas last longer and stand the Winter better than the red or speckled peas, sometimes lying on the ground until March without rotting. As a green manure to plow under nothing excels them.

"I know of one field which had been so totally exhausted that it would produce nothing but crawl grass. Three crops of pease grown and plowed under in two years and seeded in wheat the second year in October produced 20 bushels of wheat per acre."

Take Care of Your Tools.

Under this heading the Indiana *Farmer* gives a seasonable lecture, as follows:

"In a majority of cases it is the full intention of the farmer to put away any tool or machine being used as soon as he is done with it; but when the work is finished, whatever is being used is left until a more convenient time to put it away. Time passes and still it is not done, and finally it is neglected altogether, or left so long that much injury is done. Many farmers when asked to subscribe for a good agricultural paper will plead poverty, when at the same time plows, harrows, cultivators and other tools are left in the field, or piled in the fence corner or some other out-of-the-way place, there to remain till wanted next year. The loss by such practices amounts to enough in one year, in many cases, to pay for one copy each of half the agricultural papers published in the country. It is not an uncommon sight to see in many parts of our country, and especially in the West, wagons, sleighs, mowers and reapers, and much other valuable machinery, left to their chances with the other less valuable farm implements. Spring and Summer with all their cares and rush of work, will shortly be here, finding many farmers unprepared for its appearance. Everything used about the farm should be critically examined, and whenever a nut is off, a bolt lost, or any deficiency whatever, it should be repaired at once, and then everything carefully stored away in some good dry place. It costs very little to prepare a place where everything used about the farm can be stored without danger of rust and decay. If a permanent building cannot be made make a temporary one, and use it until something better can be provided. It will pay. System and care will soon enable any one to acquire the habit of putting everything in its place when not in use. As soon as any implement, tool, or machine is done using, when it will be needed again in a few days, take it right to the place prepared for it, and there let it remain, out of the sun and rain, until needed again."

Arrangement of Nests.

There is much more in the arrangement of the nests, both for the laying and sitting hens, than a person would at first suppose, while the rats, too, are by no means disinterested parties to the arrangement. Where danger from rats, dogs, etc., is reduced to the minimum, it is well enough to have the nests and nesting boxes put immediately on the ground or floor, for it is easy for the hens to get in and out, though it is often the case that the poultry scratch out the nesting material so as to keep the boxes bare nearly all the time, making broken eggs quite a common thing to find. And another thing: We have always found it to be poor policy to have the nests or boxes put in a public place, or where they will have light too strongly in the house. Hens like to seclude themselves when laying, and it should be the object of the breeder to so locate the laying apartments as to secure as much privacy as can be done readily. In many cases this can be done by making the nests open toward the wall, with a narrow passage way between. It is well to make the passage way just wide enough for the laying hen to get through comfortably, and then have a movable board on the top, reaching over an entire row of boxes. When the eggs are gathered, this board is merely lifted up, and at once replaced. Boxes built in rows and in tiers, together, are less expensive than separate nesting boxes, are more uniform in appearance, and are not so liable to become disarranged. There are, also, fewer snug retreats for vermin, though, no matter in what manner they may be built, they should be constructed so as to admit of being removed from the building during every semi-annual thoro cleaning and whitewashing. In fact, all the internal arrangements should be so planned as to admit of ready removal, leaving the house bare and easy to cleanse. Those who have fixtures in their poultry houses, and have to clean around them two or three times each year, will readily appreciate the force of this suggestion.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Shallow Cultivation for Fruit.

A writer in the *Fruit Garden* has these timely and sensible remarks on this subject: "Fruit-growers must be reminded that their hoes, cultivators, and plows, may do more damage to plants than good, if not used with discretion. The small fruits, berries, currants, grapes, and dwarf pears, quinces, etc., root near the surface. Here are found the best roots, those that provide the most nourishment. Nature designed these to be mulched by the dead leaves, and in our fields mulching would be the best treatment, if it were possible. As it is, the best we can do is to give frequent, but shallow cultivation. I have seen intelligent men plowing deep furrows alongside of their raspberries, currants and grapes, well satisfied that they were doing them work that would secure an abundant harvest. Let such men dig up one plant before thus plowing, and one after, and see what butchery they have committed. There are no tap-roots stretching far down into the subsoil, but simply a few laterals branching out, say from two to four inches below the surface, and more than half of them have been sacrificed by the plowshare. When we set green hands hoeing strawberries and newly set raspberries, we know what they will do, if not watched. They will destroy half these roots, and loosen the hold for life that the struggling peas have secured, by chopping close about them."

A Smart Man

is one who does his work quickly and well. This is what Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" does as a blood-purifier and strengthener. It arouses the torpid liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

Suit to Recover 2,700 Square Miles of Land.

St. Louis, June 6.—George M. Willing, an old and well known resident of this City, backed by a syndicate of lawyers of St. Louis and California, is about to institute legal proceedings to secure a tract of 300 square leagues, or 2,700 square miles of land, lying along the Gila River, running back to the Maricopa Mountain in Arizona, which was acquired by Mr. Willing's son from a Spaniard named Miguel Peralta, in 1874, and the deed of which was recorded at Prescott, Arizona, but which, owing to the sudden death of Mr. Willing, was not disposed of in his will. There are some complications regarding ownership, but Mr. Willing, sr., and his legal advisers, feel confident of being able to secure the land. The property embraces several mines and is estimated to be worth at least $10,000,000.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and imparts new life and energy to all the functions of the body. Try a bottle and realize it.

Solicitors of Patents.

Stoddart & Co., 413 G. street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE POTATO AND THE ONION.

UNKNOWN.

The potato once went on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash,
As all the beets turned red.
"Go way!" the onion, weeping, cried;
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride;
You cantelope with me!"

But onward still the tuber came,
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name,
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see;
So do not turnup your lovely nose,
But spinachat with me!"

"I do not carrot all to wed;
So go, sir, if you please!"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!
Go think that you have never seen
Myself or smelled my sigh!
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed;
"My cherry-cheeked bride you'll be!
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise,
And giving her an artful poke,
Devoured her with his eyes!

RECENT LITERATURE.

SHAFTESBURY AND HUTCHINSON. By Thomas Fowler. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is a book belonging to the "English Philosophers" series, treating of the lives and works of the two above-mentioned eminent scholars. It contains much matter not hitherto published, and is one of the best sources for information concerning its subjects. The paper on "Hutchinson" is a work-over of the life by the same author, published in the Encyclopedia Britannica, but, however, it is so much changed and added to that it is scarcely recognizable. The book itself contains 240 pages, and is bound in a substantial green.

THE BRIDAL EVE. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Paper covered. Price 75 cents. Pp., 416.

This is another of Mrs. Southworth's well known novels, and does not need any particular notice, since the public is familiar with her other works, and this is very similar to them. Peterson & Brothers complete the issue of a new and uniform edition of her books.

NAN. By Lucy C. Lillie. Published by Harper Brothers, New York. $1.

In an extremely handsome little volume and is interesting as well. Before long one gets very much interested in "Nan" and her ups and mishaps among her cousins and friends. There are, of course, many other characters, mostly well drawn and life-like. This book is the latest of the "Harpers' Young People Series," and is fully illustrated. It contains some 200 pages, and has a very pretty cover.

LABOR AND CAPITAL. By Edward Kellogg. Eighth Edition. Published by John W. Lovell & Co., 14 and 16 Vasey Street, New York. 12mo. paper, 20 cents.

"Labor and Capital" attempts to show why capitalists get so large part of the the yearly productions of labor, and why the producers get so small a part. The first edition of this work was published in 1848, under the title of "Labor and Other Capital; or, The Rights of Each Secured and the Wrongs of Both Eradicated." At that time the publication of such a work by a rich and prosperous merchant of New York created considerable excitement and discussion among political economists.

For the Blade.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

BY GEO. W. MORROW.

Dear Readers—A story occurs to my mind which I will expose in the following manner and send it through the columns of the Blade:

Having arisen very early one morning, I resolved upon a visit to the country. Quickly eating my breakfast, consisting of Name of a group of Islands in the Eastern Pacific and Name of a country of Europe, and drinking a little Island of Indian Ocean, I rushed to the stable where I mounted the River of France horse, and was soon engaged in a City of New York chase, making the Island north of Australia and City of Eastern China fly out of the way quickly. My horse stumbling I lost sight of the object of my chase and was completely submerged in the Mountains of Africa. Springing to my feet I bathed my head in a City on the Rhine, and wrapped up my nose in a Mountain of China off from being frozen. Hearing the cry of a Cape east of North Carolina, I just escaped being run over by a couple of City of France quickly blowing my Cape of South America. I thought to call help but all that came to my assistance was an Island of the Coast of Labrador dog. By taking my horse by the State of Eastern United States I mounted and soon arrived at my friend's. I immediately took a City of Maine, after which I ate some Island of the Mediterranean Sea, and then tried some of the Inlet of Alaska River of British America. Being much refreshed I was City of West Virginia some River of Illinois, when a person approached that I took to be the Lake in Dakota and without showing much Cape of North Carolina but letting an Name of one of the States on the Mississippi River I, to show my City of Missouri, appeared quite Group of Islands near Australia, Name of an Island near New York to him as Lake near Labrador as I could all he inquired after. I called to City of Massachusetts who came and soon proved our visitor to be a Island in Irish Sea of good morals. In looking over the field we saw where the Lake of British America had been Island of the Japan Group the grass so close that the Island South of England could hardly live. Beside the Territory of Central America were bad. But having found a River of Iowa and knowing that to be a sure sign of Lake North of Minnesota weather, and all moose hearing Bay of Michigan, we returned. Having summoned the Lake of B. A. to get my horse, I prepared for a Cape of Newfoundland, but for two Islands West of Africa was induced to stop. Having purchased an Island of the Mediterranean Sea I proceeded to put her in a piece of City of Belgium I had, but she was the worst Cape of S. A. I ever saw. Bay of B. A. came and gave her a good River of Kentucky, and all went well. I must now procure some Lake of Utah with which to eat a River of Idaho, and so bid you Cape of Greenland, signed One of the Atlantic States.

Ladies as Duellists.

The demolition of an ancient house in the Rue du Jour to make room for the new Paris Posioffice recalls the strange use to which it was put 200 years ago, when it was owned by Francois de Montmorency, Comte de Boutteville, and known as the Hotel de Royaumont. The eccentric nobleman was pleased to make it the rendezvous of all the duellists in Paris, and every morning gentlemen who had contrived to pick quarrels over night met there to settle them. The Court received them hospitably, furnished them with the weapons of their choice, with a surgeon, and with a room to fight in, and afterward entertained the survivors at a late breakfast. This genial mode of life was finally interrupted by a couple of inconsiderate ladies who succeeded in killing each other in the salon. The police thought that this was a little too much, and obliged the Count to close his hospitable mansion.

Maryland Democrats.

Philadelphia Press.

The Maryland Democrats will hold their State Convention on the 19th of September. In the meantime they will try to find some means of keeping the party from going to pieces on the rocks of faction.

Poisoned Himself by Mistake.

Benton Harbor, June 5.—Oren R. Peck went into a drug store to-day, it is thought, to get some medicine. During the absence of the druggist he went behind the counter to wait on himself. By mistake he got the wrong bottle and drank nearly two ounces of aconite. He died in about an hour. He leaves a wife and family. The druggist is not blamed at all, as he was out of the store at the time and did not know of the occurrence until he missed the aconite bottle from the shelves.

Progressive Dunkards.

Dayton, June 7.—The Progressive Dunkard Convention adjourned this evening, after transacting considerable business, consisting chiefly of reports from Committees on Church Government, College and Publishing House. It was resolved to erect a college at Ashland, O., and committees were appointed to raise funds. The attendance to-day was about 2,000.

At the Point of Death.

A clergyman in South Haven, Mich., who had been greatly benefitted by Compound Oxygen, and who has used full inducements to induce others to try it, writes as follows: "An elderly lady here, who is now able to ride to her household affairs, was lying at the point of death from Consumption. A day or two since he walked out a distance of four blocks. All are expressing surprise concerning her recovery. The Oxygen is getting more for these cases than all the physicians. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cures in all parts of the country, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BARBER BOYS.

Details of Their Capture by Five Unarmed German Farmers—One of the Farmers Killed and Four Wounded.

Waverly, June 7.—The capture of the noted Barber boys occurred at a farm house four miles southwest of Tripoli and 16 miles southeast of this place. During the day they had been concealed in the barn of a German farmer named August Tegtmere, and about 8 o'clock in the evening they went to the house and asked for some supper. Henry Tegtmere, son of the farmer, recognized them and succeeded in conveying this fact to his father, whom he instructed to give the alarm to neighbors. Henry remained at home to assist his mother in preparing a meal for the desperadoes.

Several men, all Germans, accompanied the elder Tegtmere to his home. They had no weapons, save one shot gun, which was claimed not to be loaded. The intention was to surround the house, and when the boys came out spring upon them and secure them before their suspicions could be aroused. This plan was baffled through the excitement of one of the men, who rushed into the house to secure the bandits, upon which the latter both drew revolvers and began firing promiscuously. Henry Tegtmere sprang upon Bill Barber, knocked his hands away, and caught him by the throat. The melee then became general, and Bill was soon on the floor firing his revolver over his shoulder. Ike managed to escape his pursuers for a moment, and leaping through an open window, began firing at the men inside. By this time several of the attacking party were wounded, and finally one named Henry Page went outside the door and succeeded in pinioning Ike by the the arms.

Henry Karstig received a ball through the body, and exclaimed "Boys, I'm going to die!" He still continued to fight, and aided in tying both the boys by the arms with a rope which Mrs. Tegtmere had gone to the barn and procured.

Sixteen shots were fired by the outlaws, Ike emptying two weapons he had on his person. Of the five brave men who attacked them all were wounded, the injured being as follows: Henry Karsting, shot through the body, and died at 1:15 A. M.; John H. Karsting, shot in the left breast, hip and arms; Henry Tegtmere, shot in the neck; Henry Page, shot in the breast, the buckshot striking a bone and coming out at the back; August Tegtmere, finger bitten and crushed. It is thought all the wounded will recover.

Word was sent to Waverly, and as soon as possible Deputy Sheriffs Adairs and Carstensen went for the captured men and lodged them in jail.

At 8 o'clock yesterday morning, Bill Barber was found willing to converse. He said he was 23 and Ike 25 years old. Their father was a soldier in an Iowa regiment, and dying soon after the war, the boys were placed in the Soldier's Orphan Home at Cedar Falls. When asked in regard to the shooting of Sheriff Sheppard last September, Bill said they had worked for a farmer who cheated them out of their pay, and ran off his horse and sold it, and Sheppard came to arrest them. He drew a revolver as soon as he ordered him to surrender and fired, the ball striking Bill in the head, and Ike then drew a revolver and killed Sheppard. They made their escape in Clay County, Kan., where they went to picking corn and afterwards ran a ferry over Republican river. A week ago Monday they concluded to go home and see their mother and sisters. Some one saw them as they entered the house of one of their sisters, and aroused the people. They then attempted to escape and go to Montana, where they claim their mother lives.

About 9 last evening a dispatch was received intimating a mob was on the way to lynch the pair. The Sheriff caused their removal to Independence, whe they are now located.

ZUNI LANDS

A Special Agent to Investigate the Claims of the Zuni Indians.

Washington, June 7.—The Secretary of the Interior will shortly detail a special agent of the Interior Department to visit the reservation of the Zuni Indians, New Mexico, for the purpose of examining land around Natrin pueblo, which has recently been included within the reservation limits by executive proclamation, and ascertaining whether that land is really necessary to the Indians' well being. The land in question is that for which Senator Logan's son-in-law and others filed an application in the general land office some time ago when it was supposed to be a part of the public domain. It has been asserted that this land is of the utmost importance to Zunis, because it contains springs which constitute one of the principal sources of their water supply, and because on it are some of their best grain fields. On the other hand it has been said that the Zunis have plenty of water without drawing from Natria Springs, that they don't need the land, and they were not really entitled to it. The object of sending a special agent there is to get some accurate knowledge of the circumstances of the case for guidance in future action, should any further action be necessary. The persons who made formal application for the land incurred considerable expense in so doing, and their claims are, it is thought, entitled to some consideration. If aft r investigation of the subject the Department shall be convinced that the Zunis do not need the land and were not as a matter of legal right fully entitled to it the President's proclamation may perhaps be modified in the interest of those who took the preliminary steps to acquire a title, or an adjustment of the conflicting interests may be made some other way.

PANDEMONIUM

In Barnum's Circus—Stampede of Animals and a Panic Among the Audience.

Chicago, June 7.—There was nearly a panic at the afternoon performance of Barnum's circus. The place was completely packed with over 15,000 people. The grand entry was being made when one of the elephants attached to a chariot became frightened and went bellowing around the ring, dashing into the procession and smashing one or two light chariots.

To add to the confusion, one lady charioteer abandoned her horses, and they went dashing around the ring. The wild beasts, frightened at the uproar, began bellowing and beating the bars of their cages. The rest of the elephants became frightened and unmanageable. The vast audience, composed largely of women and children, were greatly terrified, rose upon the seats, and those near the exit made a rush and jam.

For a few moments, a general panic and frightful loss of life seemed inevitable, but the continued playing by the band reassured the frightened multitude somewhat, and the employes succeeded in getting the unruly animals out and restoring quiet. No one was seriously hurt.

"Heretical Murderers."

New Haven, June 8.—Ansonia is excited over an alleged attempt of Father Byron to compel Catholics to have medical services only of Dr. Conkling. A parishioner employed a Protestant doctor for his sick wife. She did not improve, and it was feared would die. Father Byron was sent for, but refused to attend because Dr. Conkling had not been employed. The woman is now recovering.

Last Sunday morning Dr. Conkling went to Father Brady with a letter of introduction. Father Brady was ill, and the doctor handed the letter to Father Daly, his assistant, asking him to announce in first mass that Dr. Conkling was coming among them to practice medicine and give an introduction to his people. Father Daly did so. Father Byron at the next two masses made an announcement to the effect he was glad of the announcement a young Catholic doctor had come among them, and they would no longer be obliged to have recourse to heretical murderers. He announced he would not attend any woman who did not employ Dr. Conkling. Father Brady and other prominent Catholics denounce the action of Father Byron. The matter will be brought before the Bishop.

"Your *Samaritan Nervine* cured my son's fits," writes Mrs. S. M. Parkhurst, of Girard, Mich.

Texas Wool-Growers—"Tariff for Revenue Only" Denounced.

San Antonio, June 7.—The State Wool Growers' Convention this morning passed a long series of resolutions condemning the Democratic doctrine of Tariff for Revenue only, strongly recommending that the next Congress be petitioned to repeal the unjust law affecting the wool industry of the United States, and asking united co-operation of all organizations throughout the country to that effect; also calling for an early session of the National Wool Growers' Association, with which it will co-operate so long as it legislates in their interest.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other blood medicine.

Solicitors of Pensions.

Stoddart & Co., 413 G. street, N. W, Washington, D. C.

NORFOLK NAVY YARD.

Dezendorf's Charges Sustained—A Court of Inquiry and Court Martial to Follow.

Washington, June 7.—The Meade Board of Naval Officers appointed by Sec. Chandler to investigate Representative Dezendorf's charges in relation to the expenditures upon the steam tug Pinta at the Norfolk Navy Yard, has submitted its report to the Department. Mr. Dezendorf's charges of mismanagement and extravagance are sustained. The sum of $106,000 was expended upon the Pinta by the Bureaus of Steam Engineering, Construction and Repairs, and Equipment and Recruiting. She is a vessel of 306 tons burden, of the same size as the Palos, now upon the Asiatic station. The original cost of the Pinta, when material and labor were much higher than at the present time, was $128,000. Repairs of the same character as those recently made upon this tug were put upon the Palos in 1879 and 1880, at a cost of $18,000, and it is estimated that 20 per cent. of this expenditure was unnecessary. The Palos, too, was repaired at a time when the cost of materials and labor was very high. The Board finds that of the $106,000 paid for work on the Pinta $19,000 was expended under the Bureau of Construction and Repairs and $47,000 of this sum was paid for labor. Fixing the average rate of wages at $5 per day, this sum would have paid for the services of 40 men for nearly one year. The Board condemns this expenditure as extravagant. The repairs on the Pinta were begun when Mr. Easby was Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs at the Navy Department, and they were concluded under the administration of Mr. Wilson. Naval Constructor Webb, and afterwards Naval Constructor Varney supervised the work at the Norfolk yard. The report of the Board shows that neither Mr. Easby nor Mr. Wilson criticised or found the slightest fault with Mr. Webb's extravagant operations. Mr. Wilson, on the 14th of March last, wrote a letter to Constructor Varney directing his attention to the large sum then already expended upon the tug, and warning him against extravagance or the diversion of any of the money for other than the purposes for which it was intended to be applied. Mr. Wilson, however, did not report regarding the large expenditures to Sec. Chandler. As to the seaworthiness of the Pinta the Board diplomatically observes that she is no more seaworthy now than she was before the repairs were made, and before the repairs were begun she was as seaworthy as any vessel of her class. The Palos, being of the same class, was sufficiently seaworthy to sail from the North Atlantic Coast around the Horn to China. A Court of Inquiry will be appointed by Sec. Chandler to fix the responsibility for the extravagant expenditures upon the Pinta, and it is possible that the Court of Inquiry may be followed by a court martial.

GEORGE BLISS.

Specimen Bills Presented by the Great Star Route Lawyer.

Washington, June 5.—The fees of George Bliss, as special counsel in the Star Route trial, are likely to be materially reduced, on a point raised by First Auditor Reynolds, of the Treasury Department. That official declares that the bills presented to the Government by Mr. Bliss, for expenses, in addition to per diem pay, can not be allowed. He questions the right of the Attorney General to say that counsel shall receive so much per day and expenses, as this form of allowance makes the pay indefinite. It is proper, says the First Auditor, for the Attorney General to grant as large fees as he deems proper, but the amount should be definitely stated, and Mr. Bliss should pay his expenses out of that. The matter has gone for final decision to First Comptroller Lawrence. Until this opinion is given, the settlement of Bliss' expense account is suspended. The following is a specimen of many of the suspended bills:

Arlington Hotel, May 20, 1882.

Hon. George Bliss to T. Roessle & Sons, Dr.	
To board 16½ days and parlor, at $10	$167 50
To baggage	1 10
To fires	8 00
To telegrams	26 12
To tickets	10 00
To messengers	4 75
To postage	6
To washing	7 75
Total	$226 18

Other bills from the same hotel have the following items:

To messenger	25c
To baggage	25c
To postage	8c

If the Government, in this case, was charged with cents fee generously given by Mr. Bliss to the parties who carried his bag to his room.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Her Physicians Fear that She Will be a Confirmed Invalid.

Boston, June 5.—A Herald cable gives the statement of a correspondent who made it his business to interview a "well known and influential member of the inner court circle" in relation to the Queen's health, and was informed that severe dropsical symptoms have set in, and that the Queen's condition is considered so unsafe that her doctors all protested against the present journey to Scotland.

The only reason why the doctors assented to her removal was the inability of Her Majesty to get about. The hurt of her leg has minimized her out-door exercise and this has been the most sadly missed, but it is thought the fresh air in Balmoral will, in a great degree, make up for it.

The immediate result of this cessation of out-door life has been fit after fit of serious depression. This melancholia has frightened the doctors, and, added to the internal mortality of the system, is causing all who know, to anticipate at no very distant date, at least, fear of the Queen being confined a confirmed invalid to her own bed.

The Parnell Family.

New York, June 4.—The pictures and other works of art owned by Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell are to be sold by auction to-morrow evening at Leavitt's art rooms. Mrs. Parnell recently disposed of the family laces and her jewelry to personal friends. The house and farm at Bordentown have been advertised to let. A friend of hers said last night that the report that Mrs. Parnell intends to go abroad is incorrect, but that her devotion to Land League interests for three years past has excluded attention to her private affairs, and that her resources have diminished. She is adding something to her income by literary work. The income of her two sons, Charles Stewart Parnell and John Parnell, have been lessened by the Land League agitation. John Parnell's income of £2,000 from land in Ireland has not been received in three years. A year and a half ago he settled on a plantation in Georgia.

Fusion of Democrats and Republicans to Crush Chalmers.

Jackson, Miss., June 5.—The Executive Committees of the Democratic, Republican and Independent parties of Madison County met at Canton yesterday. The Republicans made overtures to the Democrats for fusion, and the Democrats accepted. The Independents made overtures to the Republicans, who refused. The fusion between the Democratic and Republican Committees will be submitted to the Conventions of each party. The same arrangement is being worked up for Hinds County. It is believed the success of the movement will defeat Chalmers' political aspirations.

Caught in Her Own Trap.

New York, June 6.—On May 23 the artificial flower factory 190 Greene street, owned by Mrs. Louise Guedau, a Frenchwoman, 62 years old, was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Guedau ran up stairs when the fire broke out and warned her workmen and other occupants. She alone failed to escape, and was much praised for her heroic self-sacrifice. At the Coroner's inquest to-day it was learned that she had tried to induce two of her workmen to burn the house to obtain the insurance, as she was financially embarrassed. It is now believed that, failing to induce the workmen to fire the building, she did it herself.

Civil Service Examinations.

Washington, June 8.—The Civil Service Commission gives notice that competitive examinations for admission to the public service will be held between June 19 and July 3, at the following places: Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Louisville, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Pittsburg, Port Huron, St. Louis and San Francisco. Any person wishing to be examined at either of said places for service in any Department in Washington should send in a written request to the Civil Service Committee at that place for the proper application blank, which will be supplied.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ills., and G. E. CRITTENTON, New York.

PRECIOUS METALS.

Yield of Gold and Silver for 1882—Decline of Gold and Increase of Silver Mining.

Washington, June 3.—The following is an abstract of the special report of Burchard, director of the mint, upon the production of the precious metals in the United States now in the hands of the printer: The yield of the mines of the United States for the year '82 was $35,000,000 in gold and $46,800,000 silver. Compared with the previous year this shows a decline of $2,200,000 of gold and an increase of $8,800,000 of silver. The comparative decline in the production of gold was greater in California than in any other State or Territory, the yield being $14,000,000 less than in 1881. This resulted from the interruption of hydraulic mining in some of the northern and middle Counties of the State, owing to litigation and also from the falling off in the production of quartz mines at Bodie. In Oregon, where the mining is chiefly placer, there was a diminution, and also in Nevada, Idaho and Dakota.

In silver the principal increase was in Idaho, Montana and New Mexico, Idaho showing an increase of $700,000, Montana $1,730,000, and New Mexico $1,500,000. Colorado furnished about $600,000 less silver than in 1881. Of bullion, productions of the country, $30,964,908 gold and $31,400,792 silver were deposited in mints and assay offices for coinage or return in bars to depositors. Of the deposits of gold, $5,000,000 were paid in bars for manufactaring purposes and the remainder went into coinage. One million four hundred thousand dollars were furnished by private refineries for manufacturers' use and there was an export of $175,000 in silver bars. Of the total silver production $15,750,000 were exported, $5,784,000 furnished by the mints and assay offices to manufacturers; $350,000 by private refineries for the same purpose and $24,700,000 used in coinage. The production of the country was from States and Territories as follows.

	Gold.	Silver.
Alaska	$ 150,000	$
Arizona	1,065,000	7,500,000
California	16,800,000	845,000
Colorado	3,360,000	16,5 00,0
Dakota	3,

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

Sir George Bowyer, the legal writer, is dead.

Over 100 Cuban exiles in Spain will be allowed to return home soon.

Charles C. Fulton, editor and proprietor of the Baltimore American, is dead.

The trial of 17 members of the "Black Hand" society has begun at Xeres, Spain.

It is stated the Canadian Pacific Railway has negotiated another $10,000,000 of its stock.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland refuses to reprieve Kelley, the convicted Phoenix Park murderer.

Edward Hovey, of New York, who killed his sister-in-law, has been sentenced to be hung July 28.

The Niagara Falls International Bridge Company has declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent.

Dr. Alexander Means, the prominent Southern divine and scientist, died Tuesday at Oxford, Ga., aged 86.

The New Hampshire Legislature organized Wednesday by electing Republican officers in both branches.

An Irish pedlar was murdered in Franklin County, Va., by a man named Wood, at whose place he stopped over night.

At Soutaris, a powder magazine was struck by lightning. A tremendous explosion followed and many persons were killed.

Fifty firms and individuals owning icehouses along the Hudson River have formed a combination to compete with the ice companies.

Henry and Wm. Temple and August Kalke, while riding in a skiff in the Missouri River, opposite Glasgow, were upset and all drowned.

The glass works in Wellsburg, W. Va., have made a contract with the gas company to run their works for $2,500 a year, a saving of $4,000 on coal.

The Paris police are keeping a close watch on the movements of several Germans and Russians who are suspected of belonging to the Anarchist Committee.

Three powder mills of Laflin & Rand, Newburg, N. Y., were blown up by lightning. One man was killed. Loss, $10,000. Work will be suspended a month.

A chain now being manufactured at the chain works in Troy, N. Y., will be six miles long. It is to be made of two inch rods, and is ordered by the Government.

Joseph E. Temple has presented the Zoological Society of Philadelphia $50,000, on condition that the garden shall be kept open two days in each week, free to the public.

Wm. Collins, aged 50, who lives in a fisherman's hut along the shore of Cum Creek Pa., while under the influence of liquor, trampled his wife to death. He was arrested.

More than 1,000 members of the Dickinson family, from all parts of the Union are expected to be present at the Dickinson family reunion at Amherst, Mass., on August 8 and 9.

At Massillon, O., Theodore Herzog, a cigarmaker, 17 years of age, went in swimming with four companions directly after eating supper. He was seized with cramps and drowned.

Wm. H. English has settled with the Albany statesman, who sued for $1,000 for services in making political speeches in Indiana during the last Presidential campaign. The amount paid was $400.

Sen. Riddleberger says that the substantial voters of Virginia are fixed for the Readjusters for years to come. He thinks there can be no doubt of the Readjusters carrying the State in October.

The postmaster of Driskell, a mountain village of Tennessee, has embezzled $2,500 worth of postage stamps, which he procured by falsely representing that the village was experiencing a boom.

A family row between George Marshall and his stepfather, Thomas Edwards, of St. Louis, resulted in Edwards being shot and killed by Marshall. The latter was arrested. All the parties are colored.

Capt. Michael V. Sheridan, brother of the Lieutenant-General, has been promoted to the position of Major and Adjutant General, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Maj. Williams, of Gen. Hancock's staff.

At Charlotte, N. C., Thomas L. Shields shot dead Joe G. Silton, Superintendent of the Maryland & Charlotte copper mines. Shields claims that Silton seduced his sister and refused to marry her. Shields surrendered.

Sixteen striking coal miners who interfered with the working of new men at the mine near Pinckneyville, Ill., were arrested on warrants sworn out by the owners of the mine and 14 of them lodged in jail in default of bail.

A child was born to Ben. Brookin's unmarried daughter in Baldwin County, Ga. She confessed that York Cooper, a negro, was the father. Brookin thereupon killed Cooper, and the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered that samples of tea landed at San Francisco for Chicago parties must be sent to New York, to be there examined by a custom-house officer, before it can be forwarded to the Chicago consignees.

Mr. and Mrs. Redhair were drowned while crossing a swollen creek near Breckenridge, Mo., Monday night, and Ira Perdue, of Pettis County, accompanied by Miss Townsend, were drowned in an attempt to cross Muddy Creek, near Warrensburg.

Adelaide S. Smith brought suit under the civil damages act in Brooklyn against Patrick Dempsey and Cornelius Clarke. Before a decision for $10,000 for selling her husband liquor and causing him to become a drunkard. The jury gave her a verdict for $2,500.

By the explosion of a 25-ton vulcanizer in the Ansonia Rubber Works, College Point, L. I., Engineer Jackson, Andrew Hoppe and Wm. Kelly were killed. Two other workmen were fatally injured. The building was partly demolished. Loss, $12,000.

Jacob Wrecker, once a prosperous master cooper, but latterly in reduced circumstances, committed in St. Louis by shooting himself in the head. Bodly infirmities and loss of property. He was 52 years of age. Had a divorced wife and three grown children in Chicago, and a married daughter in St. Louis.

The saw, lath and shingle mill and blacksmith shop of Wm. Luther & Wilson, located at Luther, Mich., burned to the ground with all the contents Sunday morning. Cause, lamp explosion. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $15,000. They will probably rebuild immediately. About 50 men are thrown out of employment.

An error has been discovered in the digest on Treasury rulings on the tariff, recently published. It says, "Goods imported through the mails, if of less than $50 value, may be delivered to the party entitled thereto on payment of duties." It should be on payment of value, when it is provided that the party receiving the same may come to the Treasury Department and claim a rebate.

The report to the effect that the health of Queen Victoria is in any respect alarming is officially contradicted in London. Since she went to Balmoral her health has improved much. On Monday she drove out twice in company with Princess Beatrice. It is thought the Prince of Wales would scarcely be attending horse races daily if the health of his mother was such as to excite alarm.

At the South Tredegar Iron Works, in Chattanooga, a difficulty occurred between two employes, Lafayette Brower and William Thomas. Browder, who is a powerful man, raised Thomas like a child and laid him on his back on a red-hot slab of iron, holding him there until burned nearly to death. Bystanders interfered, and prevented a horrible murder. Thomas's head and back are literally roasted, and his injuries may yet prove fatal.

A panic that might have resulted in dreadful loss of life occurred in a primary school in New York. A scholar shouted "fire," and a scene of wild excitement and confusion followed. Hundreds of children in the different class rooms crowded towards the stairs, and all efforts on the part of teachers to preserve order were ineffectual. A number of children were crushed and had their clothes torn in the struggle. The police say no one seriously injured. There was no fire.

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes another portion of a letter from the Russian Nihilist, Stepniak, in which he declares that a widespread society exists in the Russian army, composed exclusively of officers, including many Colonels of regiments. In regard to the present quiescence of Nihilists, he says it would be foolish to attempt a revolt when the enemy are on the alert. The attempt to assassinate the Czar might still form the beginning of a revolt or coup d'etat, but such an attempt of itself, he says, is no longer of importance.

Rev. John Philson, recently rector of St. George Episcopal Church in New Orleans, died Saturday night from the effects of drink. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and was an able and eloquent preacher. He became addicted to drink in early life. Recently he had been drinking very hard, and on the 30th of May his resignation was demanded by the vestry of St. George Church. He was carried to his bed stupidly drunk on Saturday night and was found dead yesterday morning.

The Postmaster-General has selected a metallic red color for the new two-cent postage stamp.

The report of the renewal of the war of the coal miners in St. Clair County, Ill., is without foundation.

Since March 1st to date, Chicago packers have slaughtered 676,000 hogs, against 877,000 the corresponding period a year ago.

The United States double-turretted monitor Amphitite was successfully launched amid great enthusiasm, at Wilmington, Del.

There is more mail matter handled in the Postoffice of Richmond, Ind., than in any other City of no greater population in the country.

Henry Watterson said, in a New York interview, that he thought there was no doubt of Mr. Carlisle's election as Speaker of the House.

On July 4 the Jefferson monument will be unveiled at Charlottesville, Va. The indications are that the proposed great demonstration will be a failure.

The 300 wire drawers of Oliver's mill, Pittsburgh, who struck against 10 per cent. reduction, compromised by accepting five per cent. reduction, and work has been resumed.

At the meeting of the American Bankers' Association in New York, the Executive Council decided to hold the next annual Convention in Louisville, Ky., October 9 and 10.

The American Medical Association will petition Congress for the establishment in Washington of the Museum and Library of the Medical Department of the Army, and to provide for them a fire-proof building.

Gov. Begole, of Michigan, has vetoed a bill recently passed by the Legislature to secure to the minority of stockholders in corporations the power of electing a representative membership in boards of directors.

The President has designated St. Vincent, Minn., as the port from which imported merchandise may be shipped in bond in transit through the United States to and from the British Possessions, North America.

The desperado, Bill Fox, who murdered W. L. Howard for his money, some days ago, near Nevada, Mo., has been found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to be hanged on Wednesday, July 18.

At Scranton, Pa., James Hennihan and Daniel Waterspeil had an altercation, during which the latter ran into the house where he was boarding, procured a gun and fatally shot Hennihan in the breast. Waterspeil was arrested.

The Chinese firms at Victoria, B. C., advise the Chinese Government to allow no more men there at present. It is asserted that 2,000 Chinese laborers died last year. The mortality is attributed to exposure, accident and sudden change of diet.

Price, the contractor for the star mail route from Fort Niobrara to Deadwood, signed the papers upon being awarded the contract while he was attending court in the capacity of defendant in the star route conspiracy trial now pending in Washington.

At Cincinnati, Charles Baumgartner, while drunk in the saloon of Julius Katz, being refused a drink, attacked Katz' daughter with an ice pick, whereupon Katz shot him in the abdomen. Baumgartner is in the hospital in a dangerous condition.

The Senatorial Investigating Committee at Lansing, Mich., have reported that the influence used to secure positions for certain men was proffered by reason of personal friendship and past favor, and not for the purpose of influencing votes in the Senatorial contest.

By a decision of the First Comptroller of the Treasury the Pacific Railroad Company gain their suit in a long pending controversy as to their right to receive payment in cash for mail transportation services by the Government on leased or subsidized portions of their respective lines.

The Hazard Powder Company's magazine at Hutchinson, Kan., was struck by lightning and the explosion broke nearly every glass front in the City and wrenched several buildings from their foundations. One dwelling, 300 yards away, was completely riddled by flying bricks.

During the month of May the 23 steamers plying between San Francisco and Portland, Or., carried 5,770 passengers and 29,000 tons of freight, making a total, since January 1, of 26,000 passengers and 112,000 tons of freight. This shows a large per centage of increase over any previous year.

Dr. Miller, Superintendent of Longview Asylum, says: "Geo. H. Bacon died a natural death from long continuing brain, and there is not, and has not been, any ground for the slightest suspicion of negligence or want of proper care on the part of any of the attendants or physicians in charge."

Four young ladies named Yates, Eddy, Hawkins and Rease, aged respectively 12, 14, 13 and 23, and a young man named Yates, aged 18, were drowned in Provo Lake, near Benjamin, Utah, Sunday evening, by the accidental capsizing of a boat.

United States Deputy Marshal Woody, at Fort Worth, circulated the Grand Army of the Republic, a journal printed in Washington, which contained libelous statements concerning Burchill, husband of the Fort Worth postmistress. For this offense he has been convicted and fined $200.

Aeronaut L. Meste, who made an unsuccessful attempt on Thursday last to cross the British Channel in a balloon renewed the attempt early Saturday morning and has not since been heard from. It is feared that he was carried out over the North Sea into which he fell and was drowned.

Elbert M. Stephenson was hanged at Lawrenceville, Ga., in the presence of 8,000 people, for the murder of his aunt a year and a half last August. Stephenson was arrested for the crime while arranging his tent for camp meeting. His request that a brass band play "Golden Slippers" at the gallows was refused. He neither affirmed nor denied his guilt.

Father Byron, who created so much sensation in the Catholic Church at Ansonia, Conn., by directing his parishioners to employ Dr. Conkling, has left for another field. Father Daley, also connected with the matter, and who is on a vacation, will not return. Father Brady, pastor, has recovered sufficiently to assume his regular duties on Sunday.

Clarence Boyd, the young artist of Louisville, who was shot by his brother-in-law, Dr. Barnes, on Wednesday last, died from the effects of his wounds. Barnes was arrested and gave an additional bond of $1,000. He was released. Owing to the threats of Boyd that he would kill him, it is not supposed that Barnes will be held to answer by the examining court.

Near Monticello, Drew County, Ark., Weinesday, the body of a man was plowed up in a field. Investigation showed it was the body of a negro named Carl Williams, who disappeared three years ago, and whose wife and a negro named Johnson soon after married. It turns out that Johnson killed Williams, cut off his head and buried the remains, the murdered man's wife being present at the time. The parties were jailed.

The Methodist Book Concern, of New York, commenced the publication of a volume entitled "Peoples' Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge," on the 11th of March last, and contracted with James Baker to introduce the book. He engaged in this work, but was subsequently notified to stop. He has sued the Book Concern for $100,000 for violation of contract, and the case is now on trial in Brooklyn.

President Gabriel of Baltimore received on Thursday, through a Roman Catholic priest, a pocket-book containing $300 and a paper bearing his name, which he lost in a car of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad on the 5th of June, 1865. The priest said he received the pocket-book and money from a lady, who said she took it from her son. The money was not the same as that lost, but consisted of notes of recent issue, among them several silver certificates.

At the session of the American Medical Association, in Cleveland, yesterday morning, Dr. Cross, of Philadelphia, presented a paper signed by himself and Oliver Wendell Holmes, favoring the establishment by the Government of a Medical Museum and Library in Washington. The Association adopted resolutions asking Congress to erect a fire-proof building for this purpose, and to make an additional appropriation of $10,000 for the purchase of new medical works.

Cyclone in Indiana—Two Deaths.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 11.—North Vernon was visited by a cyclone last night. It passed through the southern part of the Town, destroying five or six houses, one brick church and the rest dwellings. A train of 10 cars on the O. & M. Railway was blown from the track about seven miles east of North Vernon. No one injured. Further up the O. & M. Railway, at Osgood, several houses were blown down and two persons reported killed. The cloud was funnel-shaped, moving eastward.

The Great Lottery Anaconda.

The public are cautioned against the lying publication being circulated by a rival Lottery Company, which having swallowed the State of Louisiana, and a former Postoffice administration, now desire to down all opposition and swallow the World. The old reliable Commonwealth Distribution Company will still live in spite of such blackmailers. The only legal honest single number Lottery in the World. $30,000 for only $3. 1,980 prizes, amounting to $112,400 to be distributed in Louisville, Ky., Saturday, June 30th, 1883. Address all orders to R. M. Boardman, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

CROOK'S CAMPAIGN.

Official Information Concerning His Bold Raid.

The Indians Surprised, 383 Prisoners Captured, and Several Captives Released.

The Hostiles Loaded Down with Plunder, Including Gold and Greenbacks.

TUCSON, ARIZ., June 12.—A courier arrived at Tombstone last night from Crook's headquarters at Silver Creek, Ariz., bringing the first official information of Crook's expedition. It left American soil on the 3d of May, marching 200 miles southeast from San Bernandino, on the boundary line of Chihuahua and Sonora, following the trail of the hostiles. Crook was guided by Apache Nadiski, who was captured near San Carlos just previous to the expedition leaving. At a point about 200 miles south of the line, the command crossed the Sierra Madres range, advanced 50 miles over an undescribably rough trail, eight mules being killed by falling over precipices, and pressed on without delay, rendered nearly barefoot by sharp rocks. After four days' hard marching, night and day, the Indian camps of Chato and Benito were discovered in the heart of the Sierra Madres, in an almost impregnable position. The Apaches did not dream of an attack, for entrance to the stronghold was next to impossible, and the warriors were principally out on a raid under Juh, only 37 bucks being in camp with the women and children. The San Carlos scouts, under Capt. Capt. Crawford and Lieuts Atwood and Mackey, with Alsebree, McIntosh and Mackey, three chiefs of the scouts, surrounded the camp before the hostiles were aware of their proximity, and advanced from different points, and were near before they were discovered. The scouts secreted themselves behind rocks and commenced firing upon the camp, creating a perfect panic. A number succeeded in escaping, though nearly all surrendered. Seven were found dead in camp. Five Mexican women and a little girl were recaptured. They were taken from Carmen and Chihuahua, and are now with Crook in good health. Everything in the camp was burned or carried off by the scouts. Among the property captured were 100 ponies and mules, 40 being loaded with plunder, saddles, girdles, clothes, gold and silver watches and several thousand dollars in gold, silver and greenbacks, showing they had been very successful in their raids.

After the fight most of those who escaped came in. Altogether 383 prisoners were taken. The chiefs captured were Chato, Bonito, Geronimo, Nachez, Loco and Nina. The two latter were long reported dead.

The chiefs say an American boy, six years old captured a month ago in New Mexico, is with the squaws in the mountains. He is no doubt Charlie McComas. Runners were sent out, and he is expected in hourly.

After the fight the command, with the prisoners, marched leisurely back to the American mail, and the entire command, with prisoners, are now encamped on Silver Creek, about 60 miles south of Tombstone. Not one of Crook's command was lost during the campaign.

The courier states that the reason why Crook remains at Silver Creek is he is awaiting news from the Secretary of War as to what disposition to make of the Indians, as Willcox, agent at San Carlos, refuses to receive them, and that he will go back to Sierra Madras after the rest of the hostiles if they do not come in. In conversation with the courier, he stated the hostiles had plenty of money.

One old squaw, who was the possessor of three $5 bills, made inquiry of some one at Col. Biddle's as to the value of her possession. Upon being informed the notes were for $5 each, she grunted and decided to negotiate, and pointed with her skinny finger to naught after five on each note.

Quite a number of bucks had silver stars and other ornaments beaten out of Mexican dollars on their headgear, and several of them American double eagles made into necklaces. A rough estimate of the amount of wealth among them is fully $5,000, probably more.

The troops and packers of the command state the place where the capture occurred is the prettiest spot on earth, and the roads to it rougher than mortal man ever trod.

Large numbers of the hostiles seem pleased with the situation, evidently expecting immediate return to the flesh pots of San Carlos. The only complaint comes from some of the squaws, whose bucks are among those who made their escapes.

Officers who were with the expedition state that Crook had surrounded the Indians before they knew of his presence; that if he had not done so, it would have taken six months and all the men in Arizona to have gotten them. As an illustration of Crook's modesty and total absence of fuss and feathers in his make-up, it may be stated that although the fight and capture occurred the 17th of last month, he leisurely retraced his steps to Camp Supply, at Silver Creek, and sending a courier was forced to signal his movement. The first intimation had of Crook's return was the arrival of a Lieutenant at Col. Biddle's headquarters, at S A. M. Sunday, with dispatches for Camp Bowie, the nearest army telegraph station. Upon making inquiry concerning the General, who was supposed to be 100 miles distant in the Sierra Madras, imagine the surprise in camp, when informed Crook was only two hours behind with the captured Apaches. About 10 o'clock the General rode into camp with his escort and greeted Col. Biddle with, "Nice morning, Colonel," and straightway struck out for a washbasin which he had spied and was soon engaged performing his ablutions.

Gen. Crook threw himself into a camp stool and engaged in conversation about his campaign in an off-hand way, as if hunting the crudest and fiercest foe on the continent, in the wildest and most inaccessible country to be found, was a matter of everyday occurrence.

A Lieutenant, name unknown, was the only person wounded in Crook's command, and he but slightly.

SHIP CANALS.

Plenty of Capital Offered to Push the Florida Ship Canal to Completion—The Cape Cod Company.

NEW YORK, June 8.—The Florida Ship Canal and Transit Company had a meeting to-day, presided over by Hon. John C. Brown, of Tennessee. Highly encouraging reports were made by various committees, and the feeling of confidence in the success of the enterprise is very marked. Gen. Charles P. Stone, Chief Engineer, was present. He stated he had examined fully into the reports of previous engineers, and entertained no doubt of the feasibility of constructing a tide water ship canal across the Peninsular of Florida. He also stated his assistant, A. F. Hill, is already on the ground in Florida, and that the actual work of the survey will begin immediately. The survey will be completed in about six weeks, and as soon as the exact route is determined on, contracts will be let and work be pushed with all possible vigor. It is thought work will begin by September next.

Gen. Stone has had large experience in Egypt in connection with the Suez Canal. Leading capitalists in this country and England are eager to furnish the funds required for the construction of the canal. It is well understood here the canal will have the backing and friendly co-operation of the great Texas and Arkansas system of roads, with connections ramifying throughout the southwest, and extending through to the Pacific. Gen. Stone expects to be in Florida in two weeks.

BOSTON, June 8.—The Senate passed—16 to 12—a bill incorporating the Cape Cod Ship Canal Company, capital, $5,000,000. The Company is required to deposit $200,000 with the State as a guarantee of good faith.

Attempt to Swindle Veterans.

DENVER, June 11.—A meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic by a unanimous vote denounced in unmeasured terms the Veteran Mining Company which recently sent circulars throughout the East urging comrades to invest in its stock, and in the severest terms censured the department officials for lending official influence to the scheme. It was shown by the records of the County where the mines are claimed to be located that the Company has no vested titles to the property, and whether the mines have any value whatever is seriously questioned.

How Chicago Saloon Keepers Will Evade the High License.

CHICAGO, June 12.—At a meeting of the City Council last night an attempt was made to evade the provisions of the high license State law for the present year, if it finally goes into effect. Under existing city ordinances saloon licenses become due July 1st, and as the new law would, if passed, be in effect at that time, saloonkeepers here would have to begin paying under it at once. To prevent this an ordinance was introduced in the Council making the saloon licenses due and payable the last day of May each year. An attempt was made to pass it under suspension of the rules, and it only lacked two of the necessary two-thirds votes. Then a special meeting was called for Thursday night, when a bare majority can pass it. No doubt is entertained about its passage at that meeting.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE

In the Star Route Cases—No Conviction for Acts Done Prior to May 20, 1879.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—Judge Wylie began his charge to the jury this afternoon. After thanking the jurymen for their patient attention during the weary months of trial, and reminding them they had nothing to do with the public demands of newspaper articles or appeals to sympathy, but must decide the case upon its merits, he at once commenced to state the legal points involved, and said in part the policy of law must be found in itself. No public officer had any right to set up his own policy against the policy of the law. He held a great trust, and it was his duty to obey the law. To allow him to set up his policy against the law would lead to great and innumerable abuses. But mere violation of law by a public officer was not necessarily a crime. He might misunderstand his duty; he might be guided by an intention to do public good. These remarks were intended to apply to Gen. Brady. Where the law said that in making increases in the service, he must pay due regard to productiveness and other circumstances, it hardly seemed reasonable or fair for Brady to say he disregarded productiveness. That was the policy of a present Cabinet officer (a witness in this case), but the Court could not sanction that policy. The law prohibited any public officer from expending public money or making contracts for expenditures beyond appropriations. In this case there was evidence that all the money appropriated by Congress for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, had been expended by December, 1879, and appeal had been made to Congress to supply the deficiency. All that might have been done from a mistaken sense of duty or exaggerated idea of public good. Men in such positions occasionally become enthusiastic on that subject, and if there was no corrupt motive it was not a criminal act.

The Judge next took up the question of conspiracy. The conspiracy, he said, was charged to be a combination of intelligent beings to defraud the United States by fraudulent affidavits, petitions and orders. The statute of limitations covered with its protection all crimes committed more than three years prior to the finding of the indictment, which was delivered in Court May 20, 1882. The jury could not find a verdict of guilty against the defendants for anything done prior to May 20, 1879. If convicted it must be for what they had done since that date.

CYCLONES.

In Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin—Three Men Killed and a Large Amount of Property Destroyed.

HARVARD, Ill., June 11.—A peculiar cyclone passed a short distance southeast of this place to-night, with heavy hail and rain. Meet another cyclone north of here, reversed its course, jumped over this place and struck the earth a mile south of here, sweeping away houses, barns and fences; then turning to a direct eastward course, it leveled a number of dwellings and barns. A few persons were wounded, but no lives were lost.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, June 11.—A special to the Republican from West Union states that a tornado struck Brush Creek this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and blew one-third of the town away. Loss, $30,000 to $40,000. No lives are reported lost. A school house was also blown over between Oelwein and Maynard stations, on the B., C. R. & N. Road about the same time.

MILWAUKEE, June 11.—About 6 o'clock, a tornado visited Beloit, Wisconsin. A moment before, there was a dull roaring sound, accompanied by lowering clouds, and then, without warning, a cyclone burst upon the city. The air in its path was filled by flying fragments of houses, trees and fences. The bridge of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad was totally destroyed, and many buildings in the heart of the City were damaged, some almost totally ruined. On East Bridge street, between State and North Bridge, the stores were badly wrecked. The Rock River Paper Mill Company suffered heavy loss at their East Side mill. A large machine shop was demolished in the northeast part of town, and Edward H. Alteren, an employe, buried in the ruins. The streets are filled with debris, telephone and telegraph poles. Three men are reported killed.

Attempt to Murder an Indiana Congressman.

TERRE HAUTE, June 11.—The city was set wild with excitement this afternoon by the attempted murder of the Hon. John E. Lamb, Congressman from this District, by Samuel C. Davis, on attorney of this city.

Davis was stationed at the entrance of Lamb's office when the latter approached and saluted him with:

"How are you?"

"Don't you speak to me," said Davis.

"I will speak to you. I want to talk to you," said Lamb.

"No you won't," said Lamb, rounding out the sentence with choice epithets, and immediately drawing a revolver and placing it almost against Lamb's chest. The Congressman threw up the weapon with the hand in which he held some legal papers, holding a cane in the other, and dodged as the weapon was discharged, the ball passing over his shoulder, through a passing wagon, and lodging in the driver's foot, inflicting a painful wound.

Lamb went into the store next door and Davis was taken in charge by the bystanders.

The cause of this attempt is attributed to occurrences growing out of a libel suit against the Express, in which Davis is prosecuting and Lamb defending.

More Lynch Law in Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, June 11.—A fortnight ago William Pally was shot and killed by Ted Combs near the salt wells in Letcher County, Ky. The Pallys offered a reward for Combs' arrest and he was captured at Cattletsburg, brought back and placed in the jail at Whitesburg to await trial. On night of the Grand Jury, on night of May 30 an armed force of 80 masked men, with white cloth over their horses, surrounded the jail and demanded the keys of the jailor, Elisha Williams. The prisoner, Ted Combs, was so overcome with terror that he fainted, but was promptly carried out and hung on an apple tree at the eastern end of the town. The whole affair was managed quietly, and few of the residents of Whitesburg knew anything about the matter until the next morning when Combs' dead body was discovered still hanging from the tree.

Craft Must Hang.

LOUISVILLE, June 9.—The Court of Appeals to-day affirmed the decision of the court below, refusing to grant a new trial to Ellis Craft, one of the Ashland murderers, charged with first outraging, then murdering a girl named Gibbons, and afterward setting fire to the house in which were found the bodies of the girl, her comrade and brother, who were also murdered. Ellis, Craft and Neal were arrested and charged with the crime. Ellis confessed and was sentenced to State prison for life. Neal and Craft were sentenced to be hanged.

Attempts to Burn Silverton, Col.

SILVERTON, Col., June 7.—Two attempts were made yesterday to burn the City, with the evident object to create a stampede of citizens to the limits of the Town and then rob the First National Bank. Seventy-three incendiaments thus far have been found by the Grand Jury against gamblers and others connected with these dastardly plots. The City was patrolled last night by bodies of armed men. A Vigilance Committee has been formed. The City is placarded with a notice to the effect that the first man found connected with incendiarism or a shoot affair will be hung. All is excitement.

Major Wasson Pays in Full.

SAN ANTONIO, June 9.—The Wasson prosecution has been emasculated by the payment of the full amount of the deficit. The Major, prior to his arraignment, drew a check for the full shortage, on the First National Bank at Galveston, and the same was tendered to Chief Paymaster Farrell in satisfaction. The check was forwarded to Galveston, and notification of the payment has been received. The effect of the settlement is variously estimated, but friends of the accused hope for his acquittal.

Riot on a Race Course.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 8.—During the races at Lee Park to-day a Constable attempted to arrest W. H. Becker, of Chicago, proprietor of a wheel of fortune on the ground. A riot ensued, and several shots were exchanged. Wm. Bower, of New York, was seriously beaten by a Constable. The wheel men furnished bail and were released. To-night the Constables were arrested and held to bail for robbery and assault and battery.

Wrestling Tournament.

ST. LOUIS, June 8.—The wrestling tournament for the championship of the world was inaugurated at Sportsman's Park this afternoon. The contests were—Greco-Roman, first prize, $500; second prize, $150. A bout between Clarence Whistler and Edwin Bray was won by Whistler in one hour and six minutes, and a second bout, between Cannon and Bixermos, was won by the former in three and a half minutes; the third bout was between Andre Christol and Fred Zachritz, and was a draw, after a contest of one hour, without either getting a fall.

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D. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. For Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Power it is indispensable.

REV. A. I. HOBBS Writes:—After a thorough trial of the IRON TONIC, I take pleasure in stating that I have been greatly benefited by its use. Ministers and Public Speakers will find it of the greatest value where a Tonic is necessary. I recommend it as a reliable remedial agent, possessing undoubted nutritive and restorative properties. Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2, 1882.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

REV. J. L. TOWNER, Industry, Ill., says:—"I consider it a most excellent remedy for the debilitated vital forces.

PREPARED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A Harvest for Our Blade Agents.

Cheap Reading This Summer for Everybody.

We are about to issue to agents of the BLADE a private circular of terms for three months subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE, good for a short time only, at a remarkable low price, at the same time allowing the agent a handsome cash commission. We want 50,000 new readers this Summer to give the BLADE a trial, and at the price we shall name to our agents for securing this special number, we shall not receive returns for more than the price of white paper used in printing them. Our experience shows us that a large majority of new subscribers become permanent after an acquaintance with the BLADE, and for this reason we are quite willing to accept 50,000 readers this Summer at a nominal price.

The price we have determined upon for our special agents, and for a special time only, we do not make public in this announcement, but all agents and friends of the BLADE who can devote even one hour in raising a club for us, may simply ask us by postal for our special short time rates, and we will immediately forward instructions by return mail. Any person of good standing in any community, may act as agent. Simply ask us by postal for instructions, and we will make known to you the way in which you can take all the reading people of your Town for a short time trial of the BLADE. We will also furnish specimen copies needed in the canvass, when applied for. We shall only ask an agent to raise a club of five under this arrangement, but will accept as large a club as the agent is pleased to send, and good canvassers will find after they get to work, that from 20 to 100 names can be taken for the BLADE (at but a few cents each) in a few hours work of a single day.

Some five years ago we made a special low offer for three months, and many agents sent us clubs of over 100 names at a time, mailed the same day they received our terms. Clubs of 20 were received from communities of but that number of families. When so good a paper as the BLADE can be delivered to any family in the United States for three months for a very few cents, all who can read the English language will thank an agent for calling their attention to the matter.

Any person, old or young, can earn a nice cash commission for one day's canvass, and we want one agent in every town. It may be that we shall have to limit the number of agents, but for the present we will give all applicants authority to give the matter a trial.

As the special rate will be limited to a very short time, agents will please apply for terms at once.

The BLADE will be unusually interesting this Summer. The old-time Nasby letters, always welcome, are restored after a long absence. A new serial historical novel, written especially for the BLADE by Earnest Warren, now well-known to our readers, will soon be commenced. Other features will follow in rapid succession, making a feast of good things that will delight the most exacting.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

KELLY EXECUTED.

DUBLIN, June 9.—Timothy Kelly, convicted of participation in the Phœnix Park murders, was hanged in Kilmainham Jail at 8 this morning. He was the fifth executed. A large crowd was outside the prison, but no disturbance occurred. It is believed Kelly died without making any statement.

When the black flag was hoisted, over the prison, some persons uttered shrieks, and a young woman fell on her knees and called the curse of God upon James Carey, the informer. The crowd soon dispersed. Kelly received the sacrament this morning, and knelt with the priests in prayer to the last moment. He maintained a calm demeanor, but was very pale. His parting interview with his mother and friends yesterday was very painful. This morning he gave a lock of his hair and flowers to Canon Kennedy, and requested him to hand them to his mother. Before his death, he repeated the promise made to his mother, that he would leave no statement or letter regarding the murders.

MISSOURI DIVORCES NOT VALID IN CANADA.

TORONTO, June 6.—The alimony suit of Magurn vs. Magurn, was tried here to-day. The defendant is an insurance agent here, and defended the action on the ground that he was divorced from his wife in Missouri. Chancellor Boyd rendered a decision in favor of plaintiff, on the ground that a divorce granted in the United States is not valid in this country.

SPAIN JEALOUS OF MEXICO.

MADRID, June 7.—Foster, the new United States Minister to Spain, has arrived. Spaniards and Cubans, alarmed and jealous over the treaty of commerce between the United States and Mexico, are now disposed to make large concessions, especially in Cuban tariffs, with a view of obtaining lower duties on sugar, molasses and coffee. If the American Congress showed the slightest disposition to reduce the tariff on Cuban imports, Spain would yield the treaty of commerce in deference to the public opinion of her colonies in favor of closer trade relations with America.

A $43,000 House to be Presented to Gen. Sheridan.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Gen. Phil Sheridan is probably not aware that he is to have a very fine residence in the most fashionable quarter of the capital presented to him when he arrives here next Fall to succeed Gen. Sherman as the head of the army. Certain of his admirers have, however, bought him a house, and to-day it was paid for and the conveyance made. The price paid is $43,000. The place was purchased from Judge Aldis, of the French-American Claim Commission, and was built by him about four years ago. It is located in the northwest quarter, on Rhode Island avenue. It is reported that Judge Aldis' family is going abroad.

Fatal Affray Between Maniacs.

FORT WORTH, June 10.—There was a horrible tragedy in the County Jail last night. A maniac named Wilson attacked another named Hayes with a stool. The officers succeeded in pulling off the assailant, when Hayes jumped up and struck Wilson in the neck with a small pocket knife, severing the jugular. The wounded man died in two minutes.

Railroad Men and Telegraph Operators.

No more honest and hard working class of people than these, yet they are generally poorly paid. They have a great chance to secure a fortune by purchasing a ticket which costs only $3 (37 tickets for $50, 55 tickets $100) in the Commonwealth Distribution Co.'s next grand Drawing, to be held in Louisville, Ky., June 30th, 1883. Grand capital prize of $80,000; grand prize of $10,000; 1 prize of $5,000; 1,980 prizes, amounting to $112,400. Send your orders to R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, June 13, 1883.

TO THE BLADE.

Reports from the different trade centers of the United States show there has been an improvement in general trade, although not great. The number of failures during the